Spirit of the Times

OF
THE
FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1838. VOL. VIII. Nº 2[illegible]

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Aug. 11—For the BENEFIT OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS. THE DUMB BELLE. After which the Bedouin Arabs will perform one Act. THE POOR SOLDIER. Another Act of performance by the Bedouin Arabs. And SHOCKING EVENTS.

MONDAY, Aug. 13—Re-engagement of the BEDOUIN ARABS, for five nights. THE DUMB BELLE—WAYS AND MEANS—and MY HUSBAND'S GHOST.

TUESDAY, Aug. 14—Second night of the re-engagement of the Bedouin Arabs. PROMOTION—SHOCKING EVENTS—and THE WATER PARTY.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 15—Third night of the re-engagement of the Bedouin Arabs. TWO GREGORIES—ABON HASSAN—and SCAN MAG.

THURSDAY, Aug. 16—Last night but one of the re-engagement of the Bedouin Arabs. DUMB BELLE—SHOCKING EVENTS—and NO SONG NO SUPPER.

FRIDAY, Aug. 17—Last night of the re-engagement of the Bedouin Arabs. STATE SECRETS—POOR SOLDIER—and WATER PARTY.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THIS EVENING, Aug. 11—The RAVEL FAMILY'S performance of the NEW COMIC PANTOMIME, with new Scenery, Dresses, and Machinery—TRICKS AND TRANSFORMATIONS, called UNFORESEEN ILLUSIONS—FIREWORKS, &c. To terminate with the novel representation of the BEDOUIN ARABS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will give us undisguised pleasure to be put in possession of the address of "A Forgotten Friend," whose letter is postmarked Richmond, Va. The handwriting was familiar in days lang syne.

"Observer," from Memphis, Tenn., will be attended to.

Advertisements of the Fall meetings over the Union and Beacon Courses have not been received.

Several communications already in type have been crowded out to-day by the foreign news per the Great Western.

"A bets with B that C will beat D in a game at Draughts or Chequers, and agrees that the first game shall decide the bet; or in other words, that C will beat D the first game. B accepts the bet—that is, bets that C will not beat D the first game. Now suppose the first to be a drawn game, who wins?"

Answer—B.

Things Theatrical.

The ensuing theatrical season in this city promises to be more brilliant than any one since FANNY KEMBLE's first appearance. The "Great Western" brought us, last Sunday, Mr and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS (late Madame VESTRIS), POWER, and Mr. MAYWOOD, of the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia—all in fine health and capital spirits. WALLACK, of the National, who was also expected, writes that he shall come over in the *Quebec*; but we'll read you his letter anon.

The present Summer season at the *Park* closes with Miss CLIFTON's benefit on the 23d instant, for a few days, during which the theatre will be re-gilded and embellished preparatory to the great winter campaign, which will commence on Monday, the 27th inst. The house opens with POWER, who appears to be as thoroughly embued with fun and frolic as ever; he brings with him a great variety of new pieces, some of which "bate the world intirely." Among those already "up" for rehearsal are *Rory O'More*, the *Groves of Blarney*, the *Irish Lion*, and the *White Horse of the Peppers*.

After Power's engagement, we are to have Mr. and Mrs. MATHEWS in a constant succession of novelties; and they will be followed in the course of the season at the Park by Miss CLIFTON, ELLEN TREE, CARADORI ALLAN, Madame LECOMPTE, FORREST, the BEDOUIN ARABS, and various other "great creatures."

WALLACK, the enterprising and popular manager of the National, writes under date of the 19th July, from Brighton, confirming the intelligence of his engagements, which had reached us through other friends abroad. He appears determined to "carry the war into Africa" the ensuing season. We will read you a paragraph or two from his letter. *Imprimis*:—

"*My Dear Sir*,—I trespass on you with a few lines, thinking that from your kindly expressions towards me you would not be sorry to know that I have succeeded in engaging Madame CELESTE, who has a stock of new and attractive pieces, characters, dances, etc. * * * Miss SHIRREFF and Mr. WILSON, the celebrated vocalists, and Mr. HATTON, the great pianoforte player and bass singer, will accompany them, and appear in all their Operas."

* * * "My Agent in Paris is most fortunate in his arrangements for a complete *Ballet* for the National Theatre, and many other attractions and novelties I shall have to offer the public.

"I remain until the 1st of August (and sail in the Quebec) for the purpose of completing other arrangements which are in train. I hope to arrive at the end of August, and open on the 5th of September." * * *

Here's a paragraph, now, that we ought not to read aloud, but it is so characteristic of Wallack's good feeling and frankness, that we must "out with it," as everybody says when *you* have the tooth-ache instead of themselves:—

"I know, when a lady is concerned, I need not say much to interest you; but I am very anxious for the reception and success of Miss Shirreff, on her own account as well as mine. She is much respected here—is highly talented, as of course you know, and will bring excellent letters. Her mother will accompany her. WILSON, from whom I expect great things, will be accompanied by his wife. He is a most respectable person, and I think will be very popular." * * *

There! what think you of that? But stop—here's a postscript and what not, all about something—Love, Murder, Jemmy Jumps and the Devil and Tom Walker, as likely as not. No, it's nothing, that is, nothing to nobody—but ourselves. But we will read the conclusion of the letter, if only to pay the writer the poor compliment of saying it is very tasteful and elegant:—

"About the end of August I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in good health, 'til when,
Believe me,
Yours, my dear sir,
Very truly,
J. W. WALLACK."

We dont think our last letter to "*The Girls Up Town*," beat that, or the one we sent cousin VICTORIA telling her we couldn't attend her coronation just now but that she need not keep it waiting on our account.

No inconsiderable degree of interest has been excited among play goers this week, by the rival performances of the BEDOUIN ARABS at the Park, and the RAVELS at Niblo's. On Saturday last it was announced that the Ravels would give Imitations of the Bedouins at Niblo's; they were invited to attend, which they did. The Saloon was crammed, and we do not remember to have seen the Ravels acquit themselves with greater credit; the Bedouins are said to have been highly gratified. As the Arabs made their *debut* at the Park on Monday, hundreds flocked there to see whether the astonishing performance of the imitators compared with the feats of the originals, and the house was crowded. Every one appeared surprised and delighted, though the town has not yet fully decided upon which party to bestow the palm. The Ravels have greatly the advantage from their number, (about fifteen,) which enables them to form imposing tableaux, and to give such a variety to their performances as never to fatigue the eye. The Bedouins consist of two men and a boy, and there is consequently a sameness in their feats, wonderful as many of them are, which cannot be avoided. Still they can give the Ravels odds and easily settle the question of superiority, though they may not be able to "beat 'em and give 'em six," which many think they can. Their company originally consisted of nine persons, seven men and two boys. They were brought from Algiers by FRANCONI, the manager of the great Circus in Paris, and made their first appearance in that city, we think, in 1835; some disagreement among the troupe resulted in its being dissolved, when five went over to London, two went to Italy, and the other two remained in Paris. Of the London party, the oldest one died a few months after their first appearance, and one of the boys was accidentally killed soon after by the wadding of a gun, discharged during a performance. The three now at the Park comprise those that remained in England, and who excited for two successive seasons the wonder and admiration of the British metropolis.

There is something so wild and startling in the appearance of these untutored sons of the desert, with their bare feet and shaven crowns—their loose flowing dresses and shrill exclamations in the barbarous dialect of their native land, that you almost unconsciously forget your situation, and imagine yourself in the oasis of some savage desert, looking upon the fearful sports of hideous barbarians. There is a total absence of even any appearance of stage trick or deception. Sommersets are thrown from a block of hewn stone instead of a spring board, and the performance of every feat of agility or strength is marked by the most natural and rude simplicity. The tallest and eldest of the men can throw a *double* sommerset, a feat that hitherto has never been performed in this country. If our space would admit, we would attempt some description of their most extraordinary performances, but must defer the matter for the present, and in the meantime advise nobody in general, but everybody in particular, to go and see them, and the Ravels also, both parties being eminently entitled to a liberal patronage.

MARBLE's benefit on Thursday terminated his first engagement on these boards; the house was very well filled, notwithstanding the oppressive heat, and the play went off with eclat. He has left an impression upon the Park audience highly flattering to his abilities, and one that will do him good service hereafter.

Miss CLIFTON commences a short engagement on Monday week next, when KNOWLES' new play of "*Woman's Wit*" is to be produced. WILLIS is just completing for her a new tragedy of the highest literary and dramatic interest.

Of the *Franklin* and *Olympic* theatres we hear that each is doing a fair business, and that the managers are making great preparations for the ensuing season.

Mrs. GIBBS arrived in town on Thursday last, from the West and South, after a series of brilliant engagements.

Among other theatrical arrivals within a few days, we may mention that of THORNE, "the Great Western," manager of the Cincinnati, Vicksburg, and other theatres, and of Mrs. SHAW. JOHN R. SCOTT has reached Philadelphia, on his way here.

Poor old CLARKE has gone to his rest! He died on Wednesday morning last, after a short illness, and his remains were followed to their final resting place by a wide circle of friends and admirers. We do not think he ever had an enemy, and in all the relations of life, whether as a father, a husband, or a man, JOHN H. CLARKE was deservedly respected. He has been for very many years one of the leading members of the Park company, and was among the last of the old school of actors. He was singularly well informed with regard to his profession, its duties, and professors, and has long been considered one of the best readers on the stage. *Requiescat in pace.*

For the New York Spirit of the Times.

ANGLER'S GLEE.

Scene—LAKE ST. CHARLES—(Written for Music.)

Among the lavish variety of splendid and beautiful scenery, characterising the country around Quebec, there cannot be found a more enchanting home of the magnificent, picturesque, and lovely in landscape, than marks out this beautiful lake and its environs, to the admiration of visitors, be they wanderers from whatever clime of beauty this world can call its own. A silver mirror, as it were, set in an exquisite and diversified framework of lawn-like strand, its flowery borders lipping the blue chrystal of the slumbering waters, and fairy-like dell and dingle, and sunny glade, receding in gentle acclivity from the shore, and fading softly and imperceptibly from the view, like a passing smile from the face we love. Then, again, the towery grandeur of pine clad mountains, upspringing, in their lofty and gloom-wearing might, direct from out the deep calm below, and flinging far and wide over its fair bosom, a shadow stamped with the character of their own dark sublimity. Then think of all the most beautiful varieties of either summer or autumnal verdure and foliage, lavishly scattered on every hand—and fancy you hear the bleat of the wood-roaming fawn, and the jovous songs of birds, and the hum of bees, along the shores, or it may be, at particular seasons, the wailing whoop, or shrill cry of some winged solitary from afar off, over the blue waters. Think of these things, and all else that your fancy may awaken, of attraction to a place of "nature's fairest fashioning," like this, and then imagine, if you can, what a Poet, or a Painter, or the *true Angler*, who is always a compound of both, after a fashion—must feel, who revels for a week of Elysium in all the beauteous attractions of this same, almost incomparable, Lake St. Charles of ours. How is it, I would further ask the question,—is it from ignorance or apathy that your American tourists never go near such a region of loveliness as this, and which is only a short two hours' drive from the "towers and turrets grey," of the Diamond Rock? ******.

Away, away, where the mountain lake
  Deep in the woodland gleams,
Circled by rock, and dell, and brake,
  Fed by the purest streams;
Away, away! to the Angler's home,
Where the scaly tribes delight to roam,
Where the speckled trout exults in play,
And all that is bright keeps holiday.
    Away, away, away!
  By every hope the bosom warming,
  Silvery sylphs! we'll try our charming,
    And spread our snares to-day.
    Away, away, away!

Away, away—ere the sun is high,
  Treasure the freshest hours,
Ere dews exhale, in a fragrant sigh,
  Kissing the lips of flowers;—
Launch the canoe with careful hand,
Yet linger awhile on the fairy strand,—
For beauty basks in the morning ray,
And all around is bright and gay.
    Away, away, away!
  While eager hope each breast is warming,
  And silvery sylphs await our charming,
    We'll spread our snares to-day.
    Away, away, away!

Quebec, July, 1838. W. R.

☞ A few of our subscribers at the North and East may consider the present Number as the last they will receive from this office. It is true that the delinquents are but few even in the sections of country designated above, but of those few, scarcely any owe us for less than three years' subscription. We feel that not only a regard for our own interests, but justice to as liberal, wealthy, and influential a list of subscribers as can be shown by any Journal in the country, imperatively forbid us longer to weaken our resources, by supplying papers where the inclination to pay for them is evidently wanting.

The Yellowplush Correspondence.

MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS.

CHAP. V.—THE GRIFFIN'S CLAWS.

Well; master had hit the right nail on the head this time; thanx to luck—the crooked one to be sure, but then it had the *gould nobb*, which was the part Deuceace most valued, as well he should; being a connyshure as to the valyou of precious metals, and much preferring virging goold like this to poor old battered iron like my Lady Griffin.

And so, in spite of his father (at which old noblemin Mr. Deuceace now snapt his fingers), in spite of his detts (which, to do him Justas, had never stood much in his way), and in spite of his povatty, idleness, extravygans, swindling, and debotcheries of all kinds (which an't *generally* very favorabble to a young man who has to make his way in the world); in spite of all, there he was, I say, at the topp of the tree, the fewcher master of a perfect fortun, the defianced husband of a fool of a wife. What can mortal man want more? Vishns of ambishn now occoupied his soal. Shooting boxes, oppra boxes, money boxes always full; hunters at Melton; a seat in the House of Commins, Heaven knows what! and not a poar footman, who only describes what he's seen, and can't, in corse, pennytrate in the idears and the busnis of men.

You may be shore that the three-cornered noats came pretty thick now from the Griffinses. Miss was always a writing them befoar; and now, nite, noon, and mornink, breakfast, dinner, and sopper, in they came, till my pantry (for master never read 'em, and I carried 'em out) was puffickly intolrabble from the oder of musk, ambygrease, bargymot, and other sense with which they were impregniated. Here's the contents of three on 'em, which I've kept in my dex these twenty years, as skewriosities. Faw! I can smel 'em at this very minit, as I am copying them down.

"BILLY DOO No. I.

"*Monday morning*, 2 o'clock.

"'Tis the witching hour of night. Luna illumines my chamber, and falls upon my sleepless pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Algernon. My brave and beautiful, my soul's lord! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day? Twelve! one! two! I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never cease to think of my husband. My adored Percy, pardon the girlish confession,—I have kissed the letter at this place. Will thy lips press it too, and remain for a moment on the spot which has been equally saluted by your MATILDA?"

This was the *fust* letter, and was brot to our house by one of the poar footmin, Fitzclarence, at sicks o'clock in the morning. I thot it was for life and death, and woak master at that extrornary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forgit him, when he red it; he cramped it up, and he cust and swoar, applying to the lady who roat, the genlmn that brought it, and me who introjuiced it to his notice, such a collection of epitafs as I seldem hered, excep at Billinxgit. The fact is thiss, for a fust letter, miss's noat was *rather* too strong, and sentymentle. But that was her way; she was always reading melanchaly stoary books—Thaduse of Wawsaw, the Sorrows of Mac Whirter, and such like.

After about 6 of them, master never yoused to read them; but handid them over to me, to see if there was any think in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearuntses. The nex letter is

No. II.

"Beloved! to what strange madnesses will passion lead one! Lady Griffin, since your avowal yesterday, has not spoken a word to your poor Matilda; has declared that she will admit no one (heigho! not even you, my Algernon); and has locked herself into her dressing-room. I do believe that she is *jealous*, and fancies that you were in love with *her!* Ha, ha! I could have told her *another tale*—n'est-ce pas? Adieu, adieu, adieu! A thousand, thousand, million kisses!

"M. G.

"*Monday afternoon*, 2 o'clock."

There was another letter kem before bedtime; for though me and master called at the Griffinses, we wairnt aloud to enter at no price. Mortimer and Fitzclarence grind at me, as much as to say we were going to be relations; but I don't spose master was very sorry when he was obleached to come back without seeing the fare object of his affeckshuns.

Well, on Chewsday there was the same game; ditto on Wensday; only, when we called there, who should we see but our father, Lord Crabs, who was waiving his hand to Miss Kicksey, and saying *he should be back to dinner at* 7, just as me and master came up the stares. There was no admittns for us though. "Bah! bah! never mind," says my lord, taking his son affecksnatly by the hand? "What, two strings to your bow; ay, Algernon? The dowager a little jealous, miss a little love-sick. But my lady's fit of anger will vanish, and I promise you, my boy, that you shall see your fair one to-morrow."

And, so saying, my lord walked master down stares, looking at him as tender and affeckshnat, and speaking to him as sweet as posbil. Master did not know what to think of it. He never knew what game his old father was at; only he somehow felt that he had got his head in a net, in spite of his suxess on Sunday. I knew it—I knew it quite well, as soon as I saw the old genlmn igsammin him, by a kind of smile which came over his old face, and was somethink betwigst the angellic and the direbollicle.

But master's dowts were cleared up nex dav, and every thing was bright again. At brexfast, in comes a note with inclosier, boath of witch I here copy.

"No. IX.

"*Thursday morning*.

"Victoria! Victoria! Mamma has yielded at last; not her consent to our union, but her consent to receive you as before; and has promised to forget the past. Silly woman, how could she ever think of you as any thing but the lover of your Matilda! I am in a whirl of delicious joy and passionate excitement. I have been awake all this long night, thinking of thee, my Algernon, and longing for the blissful hour of meeting.

"Come! M. G."

This is the inclosier from my lady.

"I will not tell you that your behavior on Sunday did not deeply shock me. I had been foolish enough to think of other plans, and to fancy your heart (if you had any) was fixed elsewhere than on one at whose foibles you have often laughed with me, and whose person at least cannot have charmed you.

"My step-daughter will not, I presume, marry without at least going through the ceremony of asking my consent; I cannot, as yet, give it. Have I not reason to doubt whether she will be happy in trusting herself to you?

"But she is of age, and has the right to receive in her own house all those who may be agreeable to her,—certainly you, who are likely to be one day so nearly connected with her. If I have honest reason to believe that you yourself are still desirous to marry her, I can, of course, place no further obstacles in your way.

"You are welcome, then, to return to our hotel. I cannot promise to receive you as I did of old; you would despise me if I did. I can promise, however, to think no more of all that has passed between us, and yield up my own happiness for that of the daughter of my dear husband. L. E. G."

Well, now, an't this a manly, straightforward letter enough, and natral from a woman whom we had, to confess the truth, treated most scuvvily? Master thought so, and went and made a tender, respeckful speech to Lady Griffin (a little flummry costs nothink). Grave and sorrofle he kist her hand, and speaking in a very low adgitayted voice, called Heaven to witness how he deplored that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortnt ideer; but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would accept the same, and a deal moar flummry of the kind, with dark, sollum, glansis of the eyes, and plenty of white pocket hankercher.

He thought he'd made all safe. Poar fool! he was in a net—sich a net as I never yet see set to ketch a roag in.

Chap. VI.—The Jewel.

The Shevalier de l'Orge, the young Frenchmin whom I wrote of in my last, who had been rather shy of his visits while master was coming it so very strong, now came back to his old place by the side of Lady Griffin; there was no love now, though, betwigst him and master, although the shevallier had got his lady back agin, Deuceace being compleatly devoted to his crook'd Veanus.

The shevallier was a little, pale, moddist, insinifishnt creature; and I shoodn't have thought, from his appearants, would have the heart to do harm to a fli, much less to stand befor such a tremendious tiger and fire-eater as my master. But I see putty well, after a weec, from his manner of going on—of speakin at master, and looking at him, and holding his lips tight when Deuceace came into the room, and glaring at him with his i's, that he hated the Honrabble Algernon Percy.

Shall I tell you why? Because my Lady Griffin hated him; hated him wuss than pison, or the devvle, or even wuss than her daughter-in-law. Praps you phansy that the letter you have juss red was honest; praps you imagin that the scan of the reading of the wil came on by mere chans, and in the reglar cors of suckmstansies: it was all a *game*, I tell you—a reglar trap; and that extrodnar clever young man, my master, as neatly put his foot into it, as ever a pocher did in fesnt preserve.

The shevalier had his q from Lady Griffin. When Deuceace went off the feald, back came De l'Orge to her feet, not a whit less tender than befor. Por fellow, por fellow! he really loved this woman. He might as well have foln in love with a bore-constructor! He was so blindid and beat by the power which she had got over him, that if she told him black was white, he'd beleave it, or if she ordered him to commit murder, he'd do it—she wanted something very like it, I can tell you.

I've already said how, in the fust part of their acquaintance, master used to laff at De l'Orge's bad Inglish, and funny ways. The little creature had a thowsnd of these, and being small, and a Frenchman, master, in cors, looked on him with that good-humored kind of contemp which a good Brittn ot always to show. He raythee treated him like an intelligent munky than a man, and ordered him about as if he'd bean my lady's footman.

All this munseer took in very good part, until after the quarl betwigst Master and Lady Griffin; when that lady took care to turn the tables. Whenever master and miss were not present (as I've heard the servants say), she used to laff at the shevalliay for his obeajeance and sivillaty to master. "For her part, she wondered how a man of his birth could act a servant; how any man could submit to such contemsheous behavior from another; and then she told him how Deuceace was always snearing at him behind his back; how, in fact, he ought to hate him corjaly, and how it was suttnly time to shew his sperrit."

Well, the poar little man beleavd all this from his hart, and was angry or pleased, gentle or quarlsome, igsactly as my lady liked. There got to be frequent rows betwigst him and master; sharp words flung at each other across the dinner-table; dispewts about handing ladies their smeling-botls, or seeing them to carridge; or going in and out of a room fust, or any sich nonsince.

"For Hevn's sake," I heerd my lady, in the midl of one of these tiffs, say, pail, and the tears trembling in her i's, "do, do be calm, Mr. Deuceace. Monsieur de l'Orge, I beseech you to forgive him. You are, both of you, so esteemed, lov'd by members of this family, that for its peace as well as your own, you should forbear to quarrel."

It was on the way to the Sally Mangy that this brangling had begun, and it ended jest as they were seating themselves. I shall never forgit poar little De l'Orge's eyes, when my lady said "*both* of you." He stair'd at my lady for a momint, turned pail, red, look'd wild, and then, going round to master, shook his hand as if he would have wrung it off. Mr. Deuceace only bowd and grind, and turned away quite stately; miss heaved a loud O from her busm, and lookd up in his face with an igspreshn, jest as if she could have eat him up with love; and the little shevalliah sate down to his soop-plate, and was so happy, that I'm blest if he wasn't crying! He thought the widdow had made her declyration, and would have him; and so thought Deuceace, who lookd at her for some time mighty bitter and contempshus, and then fell a talking with miss.

Now, though master didn't choose to marry for Lady Griffin, as he might have done, he yet thought fit to be very angry at the notion of her marrying any body else; and so, consquintly, was in a fewry at this confision which she had made regarding her parshaleaty for the French shevaleer.

And this I've perseaved in the cors of my expearants through life, that when you vex him, a roag's no longer a roag; you find him out at onst when he's in a passion, for he shows, as it were, his cloven foot the very instnt you tread on it. At least, this is what *young* roags do; it requires very cool blood and long practis to get over this pint, and not to show your pashn when you feel it, and snarl when you are angry. Old Crabs would do it; being like another noblemin, of whom I heard the Duke of Wellington say, while waiting behind his gracis chair, that if you were kicking him from behind, no one standing before him wuld know it, from the bewtifle smiling igspression of his face. Young master hadn't got so far into the thiefs' grammer, and, when he was angry, showd it. And its also to be remarked (a very profound observatin for a footmin, but we have i's though we *do* wear plush britches), it's to be remarked, I say, that one of these chaps is much sooner maid angry than another, because honest men yield to other people, roags never do; honest men love other people, roags only themselves; and the slightest thing which comes in the way of thir beloved object sets them fewrious. Master hadn't led a life of gambling, swindling, and every kind of debotch to be good tempered at the end of it, I prommis you.

He was in a pashun, and when he *was* in a pashn, a more insalent, insuffrable, overbearing broot, din't live.

This was the very pint to which my lady wished to bring him; for I must tell you, that though she had been trying all her might to set master and the shevalliay by the years, she had suxceded only so far as to make them hate each profowndly; but, somehow or other, the 2 cox woodn't *fight*.

I doan't think Deuceace ever suspected any game on the part of her ladyship, for she carried it on so admirally, that the quarls which daily took place betwigst him and the Frenchman, never seemed to come from her; on the contry, she acted as the reglar pease-maker between them, as I've just shown in the tiff which took place at the door of the Sally Mangy. Besides, the 2 young men, though reddy enough to snarl, were naturally unwilling to cum to bloes. I'll tell you why: being friends, and idle, they spent their mornins as young fashnabbles genrally do, at billiads, fensing, riding, pistle-shooting, or some such improving study. In billiads, master beat the Frenchmn hollow (and had won a pretious sight of money from him, but that's neither here nor there, or, as the French say, *ontry noo*); at pistle shooting, master could knock down eight immidges out of ten, and De l'Orge seven; and in fensing, the Frenchman could pink the Honrabble Algernon down evry one of his weskit buttns. They'd each of them been out more than onst, for every Frenchman will fight, and master had been obleag'd to do so in the cors of his bisniss; and knowing each other's curridg, as well as the fact that either could put a hundrid bolls running into a hat at 30 yards, they wairn't *very* willing to try such exparrymence upon their own hats with their own heads in them. So you see they kep quiet, and only grould at each other.

But to-day, Deuceace was in one of his thundering black humers; and when in this way, he woodnt stop for man or devvle. I said that he walked away from the shevalliay, who had given him his hand in his sudden bust of joyfle good-humor, and who, I do bleave, would have hugd a she-bear, so very happy was he. Master walked away from him pale and hotty, and, taking his seat at table, no moor minded the brandishments of Miss Griffin, but only replied to them with a pshaw, or a dam at one of us servnts, or abuse of the soop, or the wind; cussing and swearing like a trooper, and not like a wel-bred son of a noble British peer.

"Will your ladyship," says he, shivering off the wing off a *pully ally bashymall*, "allow me to help you?"

"I thank you! no; but I will trouble Monsieur de l'Orge." And towards that gnlmn she turned, with a most tender and fasnatng smile.

"Your ladyship has taken a very sudden admiration of M. de l'Orge's carving. You used to like mine once."

"You are very skilful; but to-day, if you will allow me, I will partake of something a little simpler."

The Frenchman helped; and, being so happy, in cors, spilt the gravy. A great blob of brown sos spurted on to master's chick, and myandrewd down his shirt-collar, and virging-white weskit.

"Confound you!" says he; "M. de l'Orge, you have done this on purpose." And down went his knife and fork, over went his tumbler of wind, a deal of it into poar Miss Griffinses lap, who looked fritened and ready to cry.

My lady bust into a fit of laffin, peel upon peel, as if it was the best joak in the world. De l'Orge giggled and grind too. "*Pardong*," says he; "*meal pardong, mong share munseer.*"[*] And he looked as if he would have done it again for a penny.

The little Frenchman was quite in exstsis: he found himself all of a suddn at the very top of the trea; and the laff for onst turned against his rivle, he actialy had the ordassaty to propose to my lady in English to take a glass of wind.

"Veal you," says he, in his jargin, "take a glass of Madére viz me, mi ladi?" And he looked round, as if he'd igsackly hit the English manner and pronunciation.

"With the greatest pleasure," says Lady G. most graciously nodding at him, and gazing at him as she drenk up the wind. She'd refused master befor, and *this* didn't increase his good humer.

Well, they went on, master snarling, snapping, and swearing, making himself, I must confess, as much of a blaggard as any I ever see; and my lady employing her time betwigst him and the shevalliay, doing every think to irratate master, and flatter the Frenchmn. Desert came; and, by this time, miss was stock-still with fright, the chevaleer half tipsy with pleasure and gratafied vannaty. My lady pufficky raygent with smiles, and master bloo with rage.

"Mr. Deuceace," says my lady, in a most winning voice, after a little chaffing (in which she only worked him up moar and moar), "may I trouble you for a few of those grapes? they look delicious."

For answer, master seas'd hold of the grayp dish, and sent it sliding down the table to De l'Orge; upsetting, in his way, fruit-plates, glasses, dickanters, and Heaven knows what.

"Monsieur de l'Orge," says he, shouting out at the top of his voice, "have the goodness to help Lady Griffin. She wanted *my* grapes long ago, and has found out they are sour!"

* * * * * *

There was a dead paws of a moment or so.

* * * * * *

"*Ah!*" says my lady, "*vous osez m'insulter, devant mes gens, dans ma propre maison—c'est par trop fort, monsieur.*" And up she got, and flung out of the room. Miss followed her, screeching out, "Mamma—for God's sake—Lady Griffin!" And here the door slammed on the pair.

Her ladyship did very well to speak French. *De l'Orge would not have understood her else;* as it was, he heard quite enough; and as the door clikt too, in the presents of me, and Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence, the family footmen, he walks round to my master, and hits him a slap on the face, and says, "*Prends ça menteur et lâche!*" Which means, "take that, you liar and coward!"—rayther strong igspreshns for one genlmn to use to another.

Master staggered back, and looked bewildered; and then he gave a kind of a scream, and then he made a run at the Frenchman, and then me and Mortimer flung ourselves upon him, whilst Fitzclarence embraced the shevalliay.

"*A demain!*" says he, clinching his little fist, and walking away, not very sorry to git off.

When he was fairly down stares, we let go of master; who swallowed a goblit of water, and then pawsing a little, and pulling out his pus, he presented to Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence, a luydor each. "I will give you five more tomorrow," says he, "if you will promise to keep this secrit.

And then he walked into the ladies. "If you knew," says he, going up to Lady Griffin, and speaking very slow (in cors we were all at the kea-hole), "the pain I have endured in the last minute, in consequence of the rudeness and insolence of which I have been guilty to your ladyship, you would think my own remors was punishment sufficient, and would grant me pardon."

My lady bowed, and said she didn't wish for explanations. Mr. Deuceace was her daughter's guest, and not hers; but she certainly would never demean herself by sitting again at table with him. And so saying, out she bolted again.

"Oh! Algernon! Algernon!" says miss, in teers, "what is this dreadful mystery—these fearful, shocking quarrels? Tell me, has any thing happened? Where, where is the chevalier?"

Master smiled, and said, "Be under no alarm, my sweet Matilda De l'Orge did not understand a word of the dispute; he was too much in love for that. He is but gone away for half an hour, I believe, and will return to coffee."

I knew what master's game was, for if miss had got a hinkling of the quarrel betwigst him and the Frenchman, we should have had her screeming at the Hotel Mirabeu, and the juice and all to pay. He only stopt for a few minuits and cumfitted her, and then drove off to his friend Captain Bullseye, of the Rifles, with whom, I spose, he talked over this unplesnt bisniss. We fownd at our hotel a note from De l'Orge, saying where his secknd was to be seen.

Two mornings after there was a parrowgraf in *Gallynanny's Messinger*, which I hear beg leaf to transcribe:—

"*Fearful Duel.*—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a meeting took place in the Bois de Boulogne, between the Hon. A. P. D—ce—ce, a younger son of the Earl of Cr—bs, and the Chevalier de l'O——. The Chevalier was attended by Major de M——, of the Royal Guard, and the Hon. Mr. D—— by Captain B—lls—ye, of the British Rifle Corps. As far as we have been able to learn the particulars of this deplorable affair, the dispute originated in the house of a lovely lady (one of the most brilliant ornaments of our embassy), and the duel took place on the morning ensuing.

"The chevalier (the challenged party, and the most accomplished amateur swordsman in Paris) waved his right of choosing the weapons, and the combat took place with pistols.

"The combatants were placed at forty paces, with directions to advance to a barrier which separated them only eight paces. Each was furnished with two pistols. Monsieur de l'O—— fired almost immediately, and the ball took effect in the left wrist of his antagonist, who dropped the pistol which he held in that hand. He fired, however, directly with his right, and chevalier fell to the ground, we fear mortally wounded. A ball has entered above his hip-joint, and there is very little hope that he can recover.

"We have heard that the cause of this desperate duel was a *blow*, which the chevalier ventured to give to the Hon. Mr. D. If so, there is some reason for the unusual and determined manner in which the duel was fought.

"Mr. Deu—a—e returned to his hotel, whither his excellent father, the Right Hon. Earl of Cr—bs, immediately hastened on hearing of the sad news, and is now bestowing on his son the most affectionate parental attention. The news only reached his lordship yesterday at noon, while at breakfast with his excellency Lord Bobtail, our ambassador. The noble earl fainted on receiving the intelligence; but, in spite of the shock to his own nerves and health, persisted in passing last night by the couch of his son."

And so he did. "This is a sad business, Charles," says my lord to me, after seeing his son, and settling himself down in our salong. "Have you any segars in the house? And, hark ye, send me up a bottle of wine and some luncheon. I can certainly not leave the neighborhood of my dear boy."

Chap. VII.—The Consquinsies.

The shevalliay did not die, for the ball came out of its own accord in the midst of a violent fever and inflammasshn which was brot on by the wound. He was kep in bed for 6 weeks though, and did not recover for a long time after.

As for master, his lott, I'm sorry to say, was wuss than that of his advisary. Inflammation came on too; and, to make an ugly story short, they were obliged to take off his hand at the rist.

He bore it, in corse, like a Trojin, and in a month he too was well, and his wound heel'd; but I never sea a man look so like a devvle as he used sometimes, when he looked down at the stump!

To be sure, in Miss Griffinses eyes, this only indeerd him the mor. She sent twenty noats a day to ask for him, calling him her beloved, her unfortnat, her hero, her wictim, and I dono what. I've kep some of the noats as I tell you, and curiously sentimentle they are, beating the sorrows of Mac Whirter all to nothink.

Old Crabs used to come offen, and consumed a power of wind and seagars at our house. I bleave he was at Paris because there was an exycution in his own house in England; and his son was a sure find (as they say) during his illness, and couldn't deny himself to the old genlmn. His eveninx my lord spent reglar at Lady Griffin's, where, as master was ill, I didn't go any more now, and where the chevalier wasn't there to disturb him.

"You see how that woman hates you, Deuceace," says my lord, one day, in a fit of cander, after they had been talking about lady Griffin: "*she has not done with you yet*, I tell you fairly."

"Curse her," says master, in a fury, lifting up his maim'd arm—"curse her, but I will be even with her one day. I am sure of Matilda: I took care to put that beyond the reach of a failure. The girl must marry me for her own sake."

"*For her own sake!* O ho! Good, good!" My lord lifted his i's, and said, gravely, "I understand, my dear boy: it is an excellent plan."

"Well," says master, grinning fearcely and knowingly at his exlent old father, "as the girl is safe, what harm can I fear from the fiend of a stepmother?"

My lord only gev a long whizzle, and, soon after, taking up his hat, walked off. I saw him sawnter down the Plas Vandome, and go in quite calmly to the old door of Lady Griffinses hotel. Bless his old face! such a pufficky good-natured, kind-hearted, selfish old scoundrill, I never shall see again.

His lordship was quite right in saying to master that "Lady Griffin hadn't done with him." No moar she had. But she never would have thought of the nex game she was going to play *if somebody hadn't put her up to it*. Who did? If you red the above passidge, and saw how a venrabble old genlmn took his hat, and sauntered down the Plas Vandome (looking hard and kind at all the nussary-maids—*buns* they call them in France—in the way), I leave you to gues who was the auther of the nex skeam: a woman, suttnly, never would have pitcht on it.

In the fust payper which I wrote concerning Mr. Deuceace's adventers, and his kind behayviour to Messeers Dawkins and Blewitt, I had the honor of laying befor the public a skidewl of my master's detts, in witch was the following itim:—

"Bills of xchange and I. O. U.'s, £4963 0s. 0d."

The I. O. U.se were trifling, say a thowsnd pound. The bills amountid to four thowsnd moar.

Now, the lor is in France, that if a genlmn gives these in England, and a French genlmn gits them in any way, he can pursew the Englishman who has drawn them, even though he should be in France Master did not know this fact—laboring under a very common misteak, that, when onst out of England, he might wissle at all the debts he left behind him.

My Lady Griffin sent over to her slissators in London, who made arrangemints with the persons who possest the fine collection of ortografs on stampt paper, which master had left behind him; and they were glad enuff to take any oppertunity of getting back their money.

"One fine morning, as I was looking about in the court-yard of our hotel, talking to the servant gals, as was my reglar custom, in order to improve myself in the French languidge, one of them comes up to me and says, "Tenez, Monsieur Charles, down below in the office there is a bailiff, with a couple of gend'armes, who is asking for your master—*a-t'-il des dettes par hasard?*"

I was struck all of a heap—the truth flasht on my mind's hi. "Toinette," says I, for such was the gal's name—"Toinette," says I, giving her a kiss, "keep them for two minnits, as you valyou my affeckshn;" and then I gave her another kiss, and ran up stares to our chambers. Master had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive abowt; it was lucky for him that he had the strenth to move. "Sir, sir," says I, "the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life."

"Bailiffs," says he; "nonsense! I don't, thank Heaven, owe a shilling to any man."

"Stuff, sir," says I, forgetting my respeck; "don't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment."

As I spoke, cling, cling, ling, ling, goes the bell of the anty-shamber, and there they were sure enough!

What was to be done? Quick as litening I throws off my livry coat, claps my goold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gown, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the door.

There they were—the bailiff—two jondarms with him—Toinette, and an old waiter. When Toinette sees master, she smiles and says, "Dis donc, Charles! ou est, donc, ton maitre? Chez lui, n'est-pas? C'est le jeune homme a monsieur," says she, curtsying to the bailiff.

The old waiter was just a going to blurt out, "Mais ce n'est pas!" when Toinette stops him, and says, "Laissez donc passer ces messieurs, vieux bete;" and in they walk, the 2 jon d'arms taking their post in the hall.

Master throws open the salong doar very gravely, and, touching *my* hat, says, "Have you any orders about the cab, sir?"

"Why, no, Chawls," says I; "I shan't drive out to-day."

The old bailiff grinned, for he understood English (having had plenty of English customers), and says, in French, as master goes out, "I think, sir, you had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, *au nom de la loi*, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques François Lebrun, of Paris;" and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them sure enough.

"Take a chair, sir," says I; and down he sits: and I began to chaff him, as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad axdent, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my busm, and so on.

At last, after a minnit or two, I could contane no longer, and bust out in a horse laff.

The old fellow turned quite pail, and began to suspect somethink. "Holoa!" says he; "gendarmes! a moi! a moi! Je suis floue, vole," which means, in English, that he was reglar sold.

The jondarmes jumpt into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Grasefly rising from my arm-chare, I took my hand from my dressing-gownd, and flinging it open, stuck up on the chair one of the neatest legs ever seen.

I then pinted myjestickly—to what do you think?—to my PLUSH TITES! those sellabrated inigspressibles which have rendered me famous in Yourope.

Taking the hint, the jondarmes and the servnts rord out laffing; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Exquire, I can tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff, looked as if he would faint in his chare.

I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel-gate, and knew then that my master was safe.

THE GREAT WESTERN JUNGLE.

BY AN OLD FOREST RANGER.

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"Weel, weel, never ye fash your thumb about that, Captain; but show me the deer, and, I'll be cation, ye dinna want for a haunch of venison the morn to your dinner. Where's that deevle's-bucky the Jaggardar? Stir your stumps, ye auld Pagan, the sun has been up this half hour." So saying, the Doctor shouldered Mons Meg with a confident air, and strode off, whistling "Johnny Cope" right lustily.

Our friends had proceeded some distance into the jungle, the Jaggardar leading, as usual, and our three sportsmen following his steps in single file, when Charles, who was the last of the party, happened to spy the head and antlers of a noble spotted buck, about a hundred yards from their path, cautiously peering over a thick patch of high grass which they had just passed.

The fact of having made this discovery, after the lynx-eyed Karnah had passed it unobserved, was of itself a great triumph to the ambitious young sportsman, and his heart palpitated with anxiety as he halted and silently raised his rifle, for he felt that his character as a sportsman was at stake. Resting the barrel against the stem of a tree, the fine-drawn sight was brought to bear upon the glittering eye of his victim: for one instant the ponderous rifle remained as steady as if fixed in a vice; light as the delicate touch of a lady was the gradual pressure of the fore-finger on the finely-balanced trigger. Bravely done, my young Forest Ranger, there must be death in that shot. The sharp crack of the rifle makes the woods ring, the ragged bullet speeds hissing through the air, and the antlered head disappears amongst the long grass as if by magic—hurra!

Charles had already pulled off his cap, and opened his lips to give the death halloo with due emphasis, when a whole herd of deer burst from the thicket of long grass, headed, apparently, by the very buck at which he had fired, and dashed across the path with the speed of lightning.

"Deuce take the rifle!" exclaimed Charles, pettishly, dashing his cap to the ground, and, in the excitement of the moment, quite forgetting that his rifle had a second barrel which might still do execution.

Mansfield, although taken by surprise, turned on his heel with the coolness of an old sportsman, and pitched forward his heavy rifle, the piece exploding at the very instant it dropped steadily into the hollow of his hand, so truly did hand and eye act in concert, and the leading buck, bounding convulsively from the ground, fell heavily forward: without removing the rifle from his shoulder, the deadly weapon was brought to bear upon another of the herd, and the second barrel was discharged as rapidly as the first. The soft *thud* of the bullet announced that it had taken effect, and a fat doe stumbled to her knees, but immediately recovering herself, disappeared amongst the jungle with her companions.

"We shall have blood upon that trail," said Mansfield, quietly, as he dropped the butt-end of his rifle to the ground, and proceeded to reload it with great composure. "But what on earth is the matter with you?" continued he, turning round, and discovering the Doctor squatting on the ground, and holding a pocket handkerchief to his nose, which was bleeding profusely. "I thought old Meg made more noise than usual. I hope she has not burst?"

"Na, na!" replied the Doctor; "there's nae fear o' her burstin': but, O man, she's just a perfect deevle to kick. Od's my life, she dang me heels o'er head like a kale-runt; ane might as weel hae got a kick frae a coach-horse. But how mony o' the deer is down? I'll warrant she made a grand stramash amang them, for she spreads the lead fine, by ordinar."

"Why, I believe there is but one down this round," replied Mansfield; "and I think you will find he bears my mark. But, as I predicted, Mons Meg has done some execution. Your nose, Doctor, will vouch for her powers, in one way; and here is an unfortunate young tree which she has doomed to a premature death, by blowing away more than half the trunk. By my faith, you may well say that such a charge o' *grit shot* would have made a fine *stramash*, if it had gone in the right direction. But never mind, Doctor, better luck next time; so get up, and give old Meg another chance."

"Od, man, I maun confess that yon was an awfu' gleed shot," said the Doctor, scratching his head, and regarding the shattered sapling with a comical grin, as he still sat, wiping the blood from his nose. "I begin to think, Captain, I'm no just that good wi' the gun either. It maun be my ain faut, for I ken Mons Meg aye kills, if she's hauden straight. The fact o' the matter is, there was a *pretty man*[*] spoilt when they made a Doctor o' me, as the auld Heeland Carle said to his son."

"What is the story of the Highlander and his son!" asked Charles, who was always delighted to catch the Doctor in a story-telling humor.

"I'll tell you that, Maister Charles," replied the Doctor, as he proceeded to charge Mons Meg with a more moderate allowance of powder. "There was ance a grim auld Carle, lived in the Isle of Mull, and he had three sons. The two eldest were awfu' big, strong-made cheels, in fact, perfect giants, and deevils for fechtin. But the youngest, who was of ordinary stature, and, consequently looked down upon as a dwarf in his own family, was a quiet, peaceable lad, and mair given to his books than the use of the dirk or claymore. And so, the auld Carle, who despised everything in the shape o' book-learning, and considered fighting and cattle lifting to be the chief end o' man, determined to bring him up for the church, because, as he said, he wasna' fit for anything better. Weel, ae day, when the young lad was sitting at his books, and the two auld anes were up amang the hills, looking for a deer, a neighbor's bull, an unco cross-tempered beast, happened to stray into the Good-man's bit of arable land, and, when he noticed him, he was just dancing mad, for he was gae short in the temper, at any rate, and he roars out to his son, who was ben the house, reading his books, 'Get up,' says he,

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[*] In the long dialogues, we have generally ventured to change the peculiar spelling of our friend, Mr. Yellowplush.

[*] The Highlanders make use of the word *pretty* to denote an active, able-bodied, or brave man. "If ye be *pretty men*, draw."

'ye saft sumph, throw by thae trash o' books, and gang and turn that bull out o' the corn, do you no' see he's makin a perfect hash o't!' So the lad he throws by his book, and grips his staff, and runs out fou gleg to turn the bull. But the bull was a dour deevle, and wadna' thole to be thwarted; and so, when he seed the lad coming at him wi' the staff in his hand, to drive him out o' the corn, he sets up a roar and at him like mad. But the douce cannie lad, wi' a' his book-learning, had a stout heart of his ain, when he was put upon his mettle. And, instead o' fleein', as the auld Carle his father expected, he stood up manfully, and watched the motions of the bull wi' an eye like a gled; and just as the beast was at the sticking o' him, he jinket to ae side as souple as a wild cat, and grippit him by the horn, and gied a twist, that cowpet him on his back, as though he had been a year auld stirk, and then he yoket to with the staff he had in his hand, and, by my troth, he laid on wi' such good will, that the bull was fain to gather himsel' up and run for it. And the auld Carle, who had been standing at the door watching him, was just astonished and delighted to see so much of the man in his youngest son, whom he always considered a poor, soft, useless sumph—and he runs to meet him, with the tear in his ee', and throws his arms about his neck, and cries out, in Gaelic, 'Ochon! ochon! it was me that spoilt the pretty man when I set you to turning the leaves, instead of handling the claymore."

"Come, Doctor," cried Mansfield, "we have no time to listen to your old stories just now; you must keep them for after dinner. And you, Masser Charles, are a pretty fellow for a sportsman, to stand gossiping there, instead of breaking up your deer. Recollect we are likely to have a long and a hot chase after the wounded doe before we get her; and get her we must before we do anything else; for I consider it a most unsportsman-like proceeding to look for fresh game as long as one has a bloody trail to follow."

"My deer!" exclaimed Charles, in astonishment. "Why, that was my buck that you killed. I ought to have killed him, I grant you, for I never took a steadier aim in my life; but the leading buck, which you dropped, at the first shot, is the one I fired at—I can swear to his horns."

"Why, my dear boy," exclaimed Mansfield, laughing, "do you suppose there is but one buck in the forest with such a head! I can swear you killed him, although my back was turned at the time, and hit him in the head too. There is no mistaking the crashing sound of the bullet when it strikes upon bone, and so you will discover when you have had a little more experience. Just go and look at the spot where you fired at him, and if you do not find your friend the buck with an ounce of lead in his skull, then do I renounce all claim to knowledge in woodcraft."

Charles, without answering a word, dashed into the long grass with the eagerness of a young hound, and his shout of triumph, as he stumbled over the carcase of the buck, announced that he had not been disappointed.

"Od, man, but that's the best beast I've seen this mony a day!" exclaimed the Doctor, feeling the well-covered ribs of the deer with the scientific touch of a Highland drover, and admiring the depth of fat on the brisket, as the Jaggardar proceeded in the operation of cutting up the animal, "he's as fat as a four year old wether."

"Just like you, Doctor," cried Mansfield, "always thinking of that ungodly maw of yours, which, heaven knows, would be ill enough supplied if Mons Meg were the only caterer to its wants. Look at the head, man, instead of feasting your eyes on the fat morsels; there is a shot worthy of the best *shikaree* in the country; a ball right through his eye at full a hundred yards; if I could only get you to handle a rifle, and make such a shot as that, I should have some hopes of you."

"Troth, then, it's no' an ill shot," replied the Doctor; "the laddy has a quick eye and a steady hand, and if you dinna look sharp, Captain, he'll be fit to brag you at your ain weapon afore you'r a month older. But as to Mons Meg, she's a good auld trusty servant, and I'm no' goin' to part wi' her, for a' that's come and gane yet, so ye may just let that flea stick to the wa' "——

"Well, well. Doctor, so be it—I see you are utterly incorrigible; and now, to find the wounded doe. Charles, my boy, do you take the lead, and let us see how you can follow up a trail; here is the spot where she made the first stumble, and you may see by the manner in which the blood has spouted that there is some large vein cut. The poor beast cannot have run very far in that state—Forward!"

Charles, proud of being entrusted with the important office of tracker, started off at a round pace; the large drops of blood which marked the course of the poor animal rendered the task a sufficiently easy one; whilst the Jaggardar, who considered so conspicuous a trail as quite unworthy of his talents, followed in rear of the party, occasionally breaking a small twig, or tying a knot in the long grass, to serve as landmarks to guide him on his return, to fetch home the venison which had been left behind.

In this manner the trail was followed for upwards of a mile through tangled masses of bamboo, and tigrish-looking patches of long grass, which reached far above their heads, and where the skulls and half-picked bone of deer showed that the tyrant of the forest had occasionally selected them for his lair. But Charles was too much excited by the chase to think of danger, and persevered in a direct course, regardless of the poor Doctor, who remonstrated loudly against tempting Providence by venturing into such mischancy-looking places; and more than once started and changed color, as the rustling of a lizard amongst the long grass, or the melancholy howl of a grey monkey, "frightened him out of his propriety."

"Oh, Captain Mansfield!" exclaimed he at last—"I wish you would speak to that daft laddy, and no' let him trail us any further through such awfu' like places—it's just a perfect tempting o' Providence.—I tell you, Sir, we'll be made tiger's meat o' before we get o't.—I see their tracks here, back and forrer, as thick as rabbits in a warren. Od, Sir, it's surely an unchristian-like act to gar a decent body risk his precious life in such uncannie bits as this, for the sake o' a wounded deer."

"Forward! forward!" shouted Mansfield, turning a deaf ear to the Doctor's lamentations, for he had remarked that the drops of blood, which latterly had been few and far between, now became larger, and had assumed a frothy appearance,—a sure sign that the wounded animal is nearly exhausted. "Forward, Charles, my boy! we are close upon her now." But his shout was answered by a surly growl, not ten yards in front of them, and the whole party stopped dead, as if electrified by that fearful sound. "A tiger, by heavens!" muttered Mansfield, setting his teeth hard, and cocking both barrels of his rifle.

"*Ho Sahib, bagh hie!*"[*] remarked the Jaggardar, looking as unconcerned as if it had only been a dog.

"I told you how it would be," roared the Doctor, turning short round, and preparing for a hasty retreat.

"Hold, madman!" cried Mansfield in a voice of thunder, seizing him by the collar, and dragging him back to his side—"Do you wish to bring the tiger upon us? If we turn our backs upon him we are dead men; our only chance is to keep our eyes steadily fixed on the spot where he lies, and be ready to pour in a volley if he attempts to charge. But if we put a bold face on it, the chances are he will slip off quietly. Look at Charles, there, how manfully he stands his ground. I wonder you are not ashamed to show less nerve than a boy of his age. Here, stand by my side, and be ready with Mons Meg, she is like to do us yeoman's service amongst this long grass. Hang it, man, don't look so blue upon it, I have been in many a harder pinch than this and got clear after all."

But although Mansfield talked thus encouragingly to rouse the Doctor's drooping courage, his flashing eye, distended nostril, and compressed lips, showed that he considered it no child's play, but an affair of life and death, one of those desperate scrapes which the hardy forester must sometimes expect to fall into, but which it requires all his skill and steadiness of nerve to get well out of.

"Kamah," said he, in a low, deep-toned voice, still keeping his eye steadily fixed on the spot where he supposed the tiger to be, and grasping his rifle more firmly—"Kamah, keep a good look-out, and try if you can mark him amongst the grass—steady, my lads!" whispered he, setting his teeth and holding his breath, as another deep growl was heard, accompanied by that impatient switching of the tail which too certainly denotes an inclination to charge. "He is determined to fight, I see, and there is nothing for it but a well-directed volley; but as you value your lives, stir not, and reserve your fire till you can see him."

The Doctor's teeth chattered, and a cold perspiration broke out upon his forehead at this unwelcome announcement: Charles, too, looked a little paler than usual, but his hand was steady, his eye quailed not, and the firm, though compressed expression of his mouth showed that he was prepared to act like a man when called upon to do so.

"*Decho, sahib!*"[†] whispered the Jaggardar, his fierce eye flashing fire as he gently touched Mansfield on the shoulder, and pointed eagerly towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

Mansfield strained his eyes in vain to discover the object which had attracted the attention of the savage.

A low rustling sound was heard amongst the low grass, as if the tiger were creeping cautiously forward so as to bring himself within springing distance of his victims. It was a moment of fearful suspense; but Mansfield never altered a muscle of his countenance, his courage appeared to rise as the danger became more imminent.

The rustling sound ceased, and the ominous switching of the tail was again heard.

"Now for it, lads! death or victory!" said Mansfield, in a low firm tone of voice, his proud lip curling haughtily as he drew himself up to his full height, and half raised the rifle to his shoulder:—"be steady, and don't throw your shots away; there is life or death in every ounce of lead—ha!"—at this critical moment he caught a hasty glimpse of the tiger's malignant green eye as he lowered his head for the fatal spring. Like a flash of lightning the trusty rifle poured forth its deadly contents. A roar—a bound—and the stricken monster rolled gasping at their feet, with a two-ounce ball buried in his skull.

"*Wallah! wallah!*" shouted the Jaggardar, with uplifted hands, for once startled out of his stoical self-possession by the suddenness of the catastrophe.

Charles and the Doctor stood as if petrified, gazing on the fallen tiger, and still grasping their weapons firmly, as if they expected him again to rise.

"Od's my life, he's no' dead yet!" roared the Doctor, bounding back some paces, as the dying tiger gasped painfully for breath.

"Well, Doctor, what is Mons Meg about?—why don't you give him a dose of the *grit shot?*" replied Mansfield, smiling.

The Doctor raised his piece with a trembling hand, and pulled the trigger:—the thundering report of Mons Meg made the woods ring—the tiger gathered up his limbs with a convulsive start, and then stretched them out, quivering in the last agonies, whilst the frothy blood bubbled from his mouth and nostrils.

The Doctor, as if scared at his own temerity, threw down his gun, and jumping behind Mansfield, peeped cautiously over his shoulder.

"Od, I believe the grit shot has settled him at last," cried he, rising on tiptoe, and clutching Mansfield's shoulder in an agony of nervous excitement—"he's just about gone!—od, there's another awfu' gape, though—Mercy on us! what gruesome teeth—there's another! ha!—ha!—that's the last—hurra! hurra!—he's dead!" and the Doctor began dancing and snapping his fingers, and laughing with a sort of hysterical giggle, as if the sudden revulsion of feeling from mortal terror to excessive joy had been too much for him, and had actually turned his brain.

Charles, who had stood all the time perfectly motionless, with his forefinger resting on the trigger of his rifle, allowed the weapon to drop mechanically into the hollow of his arm, and grasping Mansfield's hand, wrung it hard, as he mentally returned thanks to the Almighty for their providential escape. His nerves had been strung to the highest pitch of excitement, and his heart was too full to speak.

"You have behaved gallantly, my boy!" said Mansfield, heartily returning the pressure of his hand: "the steadiness and presence of mind you have shown on this occasion would have done credit to the oldest sportsman in India, and with a few more months' training, I would not wish for a stauncher hand to back me in a case of emergency:—come, Doctor," continued he, turning towards our medical friend, who still continued his gambols—"don't be ridiculous, but thank God for being in a whole skin, and load your weapon; this is no place to stand twirling our thumbs with empty barrels."

Whilst the sportsmen re-loaded their rifles, Kamah went ferreting about amongst the long grass from whence the tiger had sprung, and now returned, dragging after him the carcase of the wounded doe, her head being crushed, and exhibiting evident marks of a tiger's paw.

"Ah! this accounts for his facing us as he did," said Mansfield, stooping down to examine the head of the deer, "for in general, a jungle tiger, who is not in the habit of seeing men, is glad to steal away unobserved. The brute must have just struck down the wounded deer, and was too hungry to abandon his prey without making a fight for it; however, that is all well over now, so let us be thankful, and get out of this infernal long grass with as little delay as possible; there may be more of the family here yet for all we know."

"Od preserve us, Captain! dinna be speakin' that way—its enough to fright a body out o' his wits. Haste ye, lads, haste ye, we'll awa hame as fast as we can, and if you ever catch me plouthering through the long grass again, you may cut my lugs aff" So saying, the Doctor shouldered his fusee, and began to force his way through the tangled grass with desperate energy.

Having gained the open ground, a council of war was held, and, as the sun was already high, it was agreed, much to the Doctor's relief, that the party should return to breakfast, and send out their *Coolies*[*] for the game.

"The Lord be thanked for all his mercies!" exclaimed the Doctor, fervently, when this plan was decided upon.

But, alas! short-sighted mortal, thou art not yet at home. Little dost thou know of the many dangers which beset the path of the *forest-ranger*.

"Come, Doctor, cheer up, man," cried Mansfield, after they had proceeded some distance in silence, "you look as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a man who is kept by an undertaker to let out at funerals. What with the Glenlivat last night, and the tiger this morning, your brains appear to be addled."

"Hoot, Captain, dinna' say nae more about the Glenlivat, I have had nae luck since that confounded black bottle was put upon the table, and my head is just through other with it to-day. Faith, you may say that a man wad need a cool head, and a steady hand afore he yokes to this jungle work; its just a perfect tempting o' Providence; and, if once I get safe back to the tents, by my troth you may whistle on your thumb long enough afore you catch me at it again. But Heaven safe us!—what's that?" shouted the Doctor, springing behind Mansfield, and seizing him by the arms, as a tremendous crash was heard amongst the bamboos, accompanied by a shrill scream, like the sound of a cracked trumpet.

"*Huttee! Huttee!*"[†] shouted the Jaggardar, darting behind the shelter of a tree, and beckoning the others to follow his example.

"Down! down, for your lives!" exclaimed Mansfield, in an audible whisper, at the same time crouching behind a tree, and cocking his rifle. "This must be the far-famed solitary elephant, which has been committing such ravages of late on the edge of the forest; and, if we can manage to kill him, it will be a glorious victory." The Doctor groaned aloud, in agony of spirit. "Now, lads, list to me, and if you only behave steadily, the day is our own. Keep perfectly still till he shows himself:—when I whistle he will lower his head to listen from whence the sound comes—mind you take a steady aim at the hollow in his forehead, just above the insertion of the trunk, and, when I whistle a second time, fire together. But take care that you only fire one barrel, reserve the other and dash off, two to the right and two to the left, so that if he does not fall, he may find a clear space to make his first rush. They are stupid, short-sighted animals, and if you keep quiet, we shall probably have time to re-load before he discovers us; at all events we shall have our second barrels ready. Now, mind these directions; and you, Doctor, do, like a good fellow, try to keep your wits about you; everything depends upon our steadiness, and the slightest mistake may cost us our lives."

"The Lord have mercy on us? This is awfu' work!" groaned the poor Doctor, casting a rueful glance at his favorite Mons Meg.

There was a moment of breathless silence. Another fearful crash was heard, and the gigantic brute, bursting forth into the open space, brandished aloft his ponderous trunk, like a knight entering the lists to defy all comers, and screamed forth his shrill note of defiance. He was a stupendous animal, a perfect mountain of flesh, full twelve feet high, with enormous tusks, and his little, twinkling, red eye, glared with the fire of madness.

Flourishing his trunk about, he snuffed the tainted air, and his scream of rage, as he stamped upon the ground, announced that he was aware of the close proximity of his enemies, although he had not yet decided in which direction to make his headlong charge.

"Now, lads, steady, and reserve your fire till the proper time;" and Mansfield gave a low whistle.

The elephant started, cocked his ears, and bent down his head in the attitude of listening. He was just in the right position, and Mansfield was in the act of raising his rifle, when, crack went Mons Meg, with a report like a six-pounder, and the Doctor, throwing down his weapon, took to his heels, roaring lustily that the monster was after him. The poor Doctor's nerves had got the better of him, and, by an involuntary twitch of the forefingers, he had pulled the trigger when he had least expected it.

Mansfield and Charles fired, and both balls took effect in the head of the elephant, making the blood flow copiously; but being discharged at random, and not planted in the correct spot, they only acted as stimulants to his rage. Uttering a shrill scream, he dashed madly forward, his mouth wide open, his tail on end, and his trunk upraised, to crush all which opposed his headlong career.

Mansfield and Charles darted to one side, and fled for shelter behind the stem of a large teak tree; but the poor Doctor, whose senses were completely bewildered, ran blindly forward, and his red jacket, being much too conspicuous an object to escape the notice of the enraged elephant, his fate appeared inevitable. In vain did the panting wretch twist and turn, and dodge amongst the trees, like a hunted jackal. The destroyer was close at his heels, following every turn with the perseverance of mortal hate. His strength was failing fast, and the fearful chase appeared to be drawing to a close. The trunk of the elephant was already stretched forward to grasp him, when he made a sudden turn; the elephant overshot his mark, and, for one moment, was at fault, apparently uncertain in which direction his victim had fled. The Doctor, seeing his advantage, began, with all diligence, to climb the tree behind which he had sheltered himself. He was already several feet from the ground, and his arm was outstretched to grasp a branch which would have raised him to a place of safety, when the elephant, catching a glimpse of him, dashed at him with redoubled fury, twisted his trunk round his legs, hurled him to the ground, rushed upon him, as he lay, stunned and bleeding, and, kneeling down, drove at him, furiously, with his enormous tusks, burying them up to the very root.

At this moment, Mansfield, who had followed the chase, dodging cautiously from tree to tree, in hopes that some lucky turn might give him a steady shot at the elephant's head, came in sight of the bloody scene.

"The Lord have mercy on his soul, for he is beyond the aid of man!" exclaimed he, dropping the but-end of his rifle to the ground, and leaning against a tree, sick and giddy at the ghastly sight.

The elephant rose from his knees, picked up the body of the unfortunate Doctor in his trunk, tossed it to a short distance, and stood gazing on his victim, with flaming eyes, as if gathering fresh breath, before he rushed at him again, to finish the work of death, by trampling him with his feet.

"By heavens you shall not complete your bloody work!" muttered Mansfield, grinding his teeth, and raising his rifle, with a steadiness of hand which never forsook him, even in the most desperate situations. The deadly bullet sped true to the mark, entering the eye, and burying itself in the brain of the elephant. The gigantic brute uttered the shrill scream of mingled rage and pain, and, sinking slowly to the ground, rolled over and over like a falling tower.

Charles, followed by the Jaggardar, now came running to the scene of action, and, by way of making sure, discharged both barrels into the head of the elephant; but he moved not, Mansfield's shot had done the work effectually.

"And so there is an end of poor Macphee," said Mansfield, casting a melancholy look on the breathless body of the poor Doctor, as it lay at his feet, covered with blood and dust. "I feel a sad remorse of conscience for having persuaded the poor fellow to join in a dangerous sport for which he was so ill adapted. But it is worse than useless to make vain lamentations now. Kamah, do you cut a few stout bamboos; we must prepare something in the shape of a litter to carry home the body." And Mansfield proceeded, instinctively, to reload his rifle, whilst his proud lip quivered, and the unbidden tear started to his eye, for, with all his haughty exterior, he had the heart of a woman. Charles, completely overcome by the scene, threw himself at the root of a tree, and buried his face in his hands; and even the savage features of the Jaggardar were softened into something like pity as he stood, with folded arms, gazing on the work of destruction.

"By Jove, he still breathes!" cried Mansfield, dashing his rifle to the ground, and flying to raise the head of the poor Doctor, as a faint groan reached his ear. "This is indeed miraculous!"—and hastily tearing open the jacket, he discovered, to his infinite joy, that, although his face was deadly pale, and his clothes smeared with blood and dirt, the Doctor's body was perfectly uninjured. It appeared that the elephant, blinded, probably, by the blood which flowed from the wounds in his forehead, and instead of transfixing his victim, as he intended, had buried his tusks in the ground, on each side of his body, thus holding him down, as if within the prongs of an enormous pitchfork, and, of course, covering him with the blood, which flowed from his own wounds.[*] In short, the Doctor, in spite of his ghastly and bloodstained figure, had escaped with no other injury than being stunned and severely bruised by the first toss. A strong dose of brandy, which Mansfield poured down his throat, soon revived him, and so far restored his spirits that he was enabled to examine the head of his fallen enemy, and discovered, to his immeasurable satisfaction, that some straggling drops of the *grit shot* had actually taken effect.

"Faith, Meg, my woman," said he, apostrophising the old fusee, which the Jaggardar had picked up and restored to him, "you have had a tight morning's work of it, and, by my troth, it will be long enough afore ye hae the like again, at least in my company. Captain, a wee drap mair out o' your bottle, if you please, for I feel a kind o' fainting about my heart. But, stout or faint, it will ne'er forget the gude turn you have done me this day; here is your health, and my blessing be upon you and your trusty weapon!" So saying, the Doctor gulped down his brandy, while the big tears of gratitude dimmed his eye, and, finding himself wonderfully refreshed, proceeded to limp off toward the camp, supported by his two young companions.

KOONDAH.

London "New Monthly" Magazine for July.

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[*] Yes, Sir, there is a tiger here.

[†] Look, Sir.

[*] Low caste natives employed in carrying baggage.

[†] An elephant! an elephant!

[*] This extraordinary escape from a wild elephant is a fact.

PANDEMONIUM.

A week or two back Mr. Mortimer Drummond, a gentleman who is not unknown to fame among the keepers of the pandemoniums at the West-end of the town, walked into the den kept by Davis, at 31, St. James's-street, when the following colloquy ensued:—

Drummond—Davis, lend a poney in counters.

Davis—Vhy, Sir, I'd rather not Ve are given up lending—it don't at all answer.

Drummond—But you'll lend me?

Davis—Not a bit on it, thank ye, Sir—can't do it.

Drummond—Why not?

Davis—Cause, ye see, there is that there old account standing against yer—a £150—vich, if you'll tip, I've no hobjection to open a new account, but not without.

Drummond—Well, if you won't—it matters not—you have always got the best of me—so good night and be d—d.

Davis, with the cunning and effrontery of the master-spirit of pandemonium, knew well how to turn this incident to account. The next morning he put on his best suit, and proceeded to young Drummond's father, when the following scene took place:—

Davis—Sarvant, Sir; my name is Davis, and I keeps a club in St. James's-street.

Mr. Drummond—Well, Sir, proceed.

Davis—Your son, Sir ——

Mr. Drummond—Well, Sir, what of him—has anything happened to him?

Davis—O no, Sir, not exactly that, but he owes me £150.

Mr. Drummond—For what—how can he possibly owe you £150.

Davis—In the vay of business, Sir. All fair, I assure you. There never is no cheating at my house—ve do things on the square—ven ve are obligated and can't help it—(*aside.*)

Mr. Drummond—I understood you to say, Sir, that you kept a club.

Davis—I do, Sir.

Mr. Drummond—Am I to understand by that, that the house you so denominate is a play-house, or, in other words, a gaming-house?

Davis—Vhy, Sir, ve play hoccasionally.

Mr. Drummond—Occasionally, only—do you mean every night?

Davis—If it falls to our luck. Your son came in last night, but I advised him not to play, for if he lost his money I should be blamed. I gave him some wery good advice, and told him that men vot played—sich men as he met at a public table—vere all cheats and could do him. No father could say more nor I said to him to keep him avay from the table, I assure you, Sir.

Mr. Drummond—I am much obliged to you, Sir, for giving my son good advice, and I hope he will know how to appreciate it. But why am I applied to?

Davis—To pay me the £150, if yer please, Sir, vot yer son owes me on an old account.

Mr. Drummond—Debts of this kind I never interfere with. I cannot nor will not in any way recognise them. If my son, Sir, is foolish enough to play, he will not add to his folly by refusing to pay—but with this I have nothing to do. Good morning, Mr. Davis—(*ringing the bell.*)

Davis—But, Sir——

Mr. Drummond—I have heard what you have had to say—you will pardon me listening to any more. John (to the servant), open the door for this gentleman. Good morning, Sir.

Satirist.

TRAVELLERS AT ALBANY, N. Y.—"Any luggage, Sir?"—"Take a carriage, Sir?"—"Eagle, Sir?"—"American Hotel, Sir?"—"Going west, Sir?"—"Rail-road, Sir?" Ah! *this* is not agreeable. This is that part of travelling which is "subject to drawback," as the commercial gentleman has it. Albany is a pleasant city—steeple-garnished, dome-crowned, and commanding—and the mountains arise gloriously around her in the distance. We were glad to rest, as the morning dawned, by the "going forth of her ways." But these pestilent porters! Six of them have seized a bewildered-looking gentleman's valise, and are bearing it off in triumph to his lodgings. The owner ruminates, and is evidently angry; but what will he say to the "foreign levy" on his purse, from these emulous operatives? That will "touch him farther," when he gets to his hotel. * * As you roll towards Schenectady in the rail-road cars, the hump-backed Catskills, far to the south, lift their rugged and pale blue outlines to the view. Losing sight of their cloud-capped summits, you come te the fruitless sand-soil—not barren howbeit, for the frequent clumps of wild flowers, of palest pink, have beauty if not utility—and presently, thereafter, you find yourself sweeping up the fertile valley of the Mohawk, Schenectady fading behind you, wide fields spread out around, and the fragrant clover blossom perfuming the way for miles, often growing up to the very wheels of the cars. What a noble valley!—what a glorious state! In four years, a continuous rail-road will run side by side with the Erie canal, then widened to a walled river. What monument of enterprise had much-vaunted Rome to compare with this? Talk of her aqueducts! What aqueduct had she that could vie with the one now constructing to bring Croton river to New York, a distance of forty miles! Americans! let us look at home. We have enough to be proud of, young as we are—much to learn, too—and how much to hope!

Editor's Table, in The Knickerbocker.

How to make a Child Musical.—When a Chinese wife is *enciente*, the husband hires a musical band to entertain her, that the infant may be of a harmonious disposition. In Europe, ladies in that situation are someitmes said to give themselves *airs* enough without any such assistance.

Very Like a Whale.—There is a big fish exhibiting "for this day only," at the head of Long Wharf. It is what they call *The Thrasher*, and a thumping great animal it is. It measures twelve feet in length, and is four feet in girth—has seven fine (one of which springs out of the top of his back) the longest measures two feet—three rows of teeth as sharp as needles—and weighs in the gross between four and five hundred pounds. The tail alone, the dreadful weapon with which it is said he thrashes the life out of the leviathan, is five and a half feet in length, and as springy as whalebone. It attaches to the body by a joint, and is capable of being moved by the fish in a circle of fifty feet or more, when engaged in attack or defence. The speed of the Thrasher is like a flash, outstripping all others. This fish was taken by the man of the James and Isaac off the southwest shore of Marshfield on a common cod-hook end "grafted in." We understand he will be opened to-morrow, and submitted to some of our inquisitive naturalists for examination.

Boston Post.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1838.

PATRONAGE OF SPORTING WORKS.

[From the Turf Register for Aug]

Mr. Editor, —Nothing is more fatal to success in life than a short-lived and ill-judged economy, or what may be more properly termed, parsimony; this thought has been suggested by the perusal of your *Register* and the *Spirit of the Times*. I am almost the only *subscriber* to *both* in the county where I reside; it is large, populous, and wealthy, with a fertile and productive soil, adapted by climate and location to the production of grain and grasses, and in no part of the United States can blood stock be raised to more advantage.

Not in the hills of Arabia does the horse find a climate more congenial; here his health is free from all those diseases incident to the low countries, while the nature of the soil insures firm hoofs, and flinty clean legs to sustain him under the extraordinary performances which the perfection of his form and the development of his powers may promise. Of this they have had the most satisfactory proof, such as no man can question or doubt; few gentlemen in this vicinity have bestowed any attention on blood, yet in some few instances they have bred from the right sort, and in every one they have paid well. A single instance may suffice to shew what can be done. Some few years since, a full bred mare at an advanced age was purchased from the lead of a wagon, where for a long time she had been expected to draw, not only the load, but the wheelers also; this mare, then old, was bought at one hundred and fifty dollars, and put to breeding; in a few years she and her colts sold for six thousand dollars; her owner at no time encountering more than the simple expense of breeding and rearing; had he trained his horses, and availed himself of the best markets, they would have brought him more than double the money: this is in some degree, though not entirely, wandering from my subject, for I did not intend to write a dissertation on breeding horses, but shew what I deemed the proper course of those already engaged in that business.

Interest is the great balance wheel of society: it moves and controls the whole, and there would be no difficulty in getting men to pursue the proper course were it not for the blinding influence of avarice, while in looking too intently on small present expenditures, entirely shut out the view of all distant profit. Such is the situation of those in our country who hold or rear blood stock, and neglect to take both your periodical and the Spirit of the Times; for to the establishment and publication of the Register we owe the first impulse given to the establishment of Jockey Clubs in our country, and as a consequence, the increased value in all the blood stock, and for some years past you have found an able and indefatigable assistant in the Spirit of the Times.

If any man doubts the influence on the general value which the Turf Register has exerted, let him refer to the price of *race horses, stallions*, and *brood mares*, some ten years since and now, and he must be worse than an *infidel* not to believe; in truth, at this day, breeding blood horses has become a most important part of our rural economy, and he that shall promote it will deserve well of his country. In my opinion, the annual sales of blood stock in the United States nearly equals in amount any of our great staples, cotton alone excepted, and he that shall promote or sustain its value, is a man most justly entitled to consideration and respect, and it becomes a public duty to reward such labor—and as it is the duty of all, so is it likely to be neglected.

By the aid of the papers above named, the value of horses has been increased at least one thousand per cent.; their labors benefit many thousands of their fellow citizens, who, so far, have not contributed one cent to either the Turf Register or the Spirit of the Times; this is truly a most short-sighted policy, for every one must see that those papers have mainly contributed to the establishment of *Jockey Clubs*—these offer purses, which induce training, remunerate liberally those who win, enable them to buy horses at high prices, and others who wish to share the golden harvest follow their example, and purchase at corresponding high prices; all this may be said most truly to be the work of two publications, which have each such a patronage as barely sustains them. Now is it proper that a large portion of the community should benefit by the labors of two individuals, and *themselves* contribute *nothing?* Would any man of just and honorable feelings be willing that such should be his position towards another? If he would only take the trouble to look into and think upon the matter, I am certain he would not; and I am persuaded, if this article could be generally read, your subscription list, and that of the Spirit of the Times, would have a liberal increase of names.

While on the subject of neglect, permit me to notice that of the newspaper editors generally. Many of them exchange with the Turf Register and the Spirit of the Times, yet we scarcely ever see any notice of, or extract from them: yet are they both of more real service to the country than all the political papers of the day. If they would only now and then treat their subscribers to extracts, it would surely afford a pleasing variety, and like a pinch of cephalic, rouse them from the lethargic influence of a dull *editorial*.

I have been induced to mention in the same paragraph the Register and the Spirit of the Times. No man of spirit, enterprise, or pleasure will be without them; in the latter he will find the earliest intelligence on all subjects connected with the turf, the field, and the stage; it is, in short, the sheet calendar of taste and fashion.

The Turf Register is a monthly condensation of all deemed most important on matters connected with the turf, and the care and improvement of blood stock, printed in the neatest manner, the selections made with such attention as to divest them of many of those errors incident to more hasty publications; as a register of races and pedigrees, it may be referred to as a text-book; for when an error, (sometimes unavoidable,) has crept into one number, it is corrected in the next, so no man need be misinformed. This work, if bound and kept, may always be referred to with advantage and convenience; and the breeder who is without it, has little chance to know the real value of his horses, and must at the same time remain ignorant of many things important for him to learn, in the management of what is, or may be the most valuable part of his property. A.

[The fact that the above was intended for the benefit of breeders and stock owners in general, will excuse its appearance in this periodical, more especially, as the writer truly remarks, as the newspaper press of the country pay very little attention to the Turf Register, its contents, or its beneficial effects on the interests of the public. One more remark, and we commit the subject to the jury. The article is the spontaneous emanation from the writer's own mind, both in its suggestion and execution, nor did we know of or expect any such article from his pen. If the newspapers generally would give this article an insertion in their columns, they would doubtless do material service to their readers, besides doing *us* a favor; which latter consideration, we have no reason to think, will militate against its general re-publication by them. Now that we publish the article for the benefit of breeders and the Spirit of the Times, may we not ask the latter to re-publish it for the benefit of whom it may concern?—[Editor Turf Register.]

Note.—In submitting the Turf Register's article to our readers, we must be permitted to accompany it with a few remarks. The writer says, and with truth, that "by the aid of the Register and the Spirit of the Times, *the value of horses has been increased at least one thousand per cent.*," and he adds that they "*have each such a patronage as barely sustains them!*" With what propriety the last observation may be applied to the Register we are not aware, though we earnestly hope the facts are far otherwise; but so far as this paper is concerned, we are free to say that it is the opinion of those who know us best, that had we employed the same industry and capital in almost any other profession in life, the result in a pecuniary point of view would have been very much more to our advantage. The expenses incident to the publication of a metropolitan journal of the character, size, and appearance, of the Spirit of the Times, have no parallel in the whole range of the weekly newspaper press; and as it addresses itself to the tastes, and is designed to promote the views and interests of but an infinitesimal division of those classes of society composing the great mass, it surely should receive all the encouragement and support it really deserves. The number of gentlemen actually engaged in breeding, to say nothing of the hundreds on the turf, and the thousands who feel a deep interest in its promotion, and the improvement of blood stock generally, is amply sufficient to support handsomely both the Turf Register and the Spirit of the Times. No better evidence of this can be required than the fact that several turfmen and breeders who have kindly interested themselves in the success of this journal, have sent us as subscribers the names of from five to fifteen of their friends in their own immediate neighborhood. There is not, probably, on our subscription list the name of a gentleman who could not readily send us a new subscriber from among the circle of his friends; and many would do so, and with pleasure, if the subject ever occurred to them. To those gentlemen who have taken an interest in this matter, we beg to express our most grateful acknowledgments, and should "any dear friend of Cæsar's" think proper to "speak a good word for us" when surrounded by his friends, we hereby covenant and agree to do him as good a turn with "The Girls up-Town," and "no questions asked!"

In another paragraph of the article in the Register, the writer is pleased to say that "though newspaper editors, generally, exchange with the Turf Register and the Spirit of the Times, yet he scarcely ever sees any notice of, or extract from them; yet they are both of more real service to the country than all the political papers of the day." Now, first having acknowledged the handsome though unmerited compliment paid "the Spirit," we beg to assure the amiable writer that he is laboring under a grievous error with regard to the extracts from, and notices of, this paper by our contemporaries. Almost every journal of character in the Union has done us the honor to speak of it frequently, and to commend it in the highest terms, and it will be readily conceded by every well-informed journalist, and all those in the habit of devoting any considerable portion of their leisure to newspaper reading, that very few, if any, weekly gazette in this country is more generally quoted. To be sure it may be urged that the fact does not tell much for the taste of our editorial brethren, and we confess we have had frequent occasion to regret that zeal and assiduous application could not supply the place of that experience and maturer judgment, which would enable us to lay before them and our indulgent readers a sheet more worthy of their acceptance. But that they have been kind enough to "take the will for the deed" is most true, and the Spirit of the Times not only enjoys at this time a highly flattering popularity with its contemporaries on this side the Atlantic, but is quoted abroad, and esteemed there by its subscribers and the press as

"Great in mouths of wisest censure."

A word more, and we have done. The writer of the article in question says he is "persuaded that if it could be generally read, the subscription lists of the Register and the Spirit of the Times would have a liberal increase of names." Well, we have spread it before a good many thousand readers, and hope for the best, though not without some misgiving of a similar result as befel a lady in this wicked city, who occasionally "takes boarders." She was waited upon the other day by an acquaintance of ours—a sad wag, by the way—who politely enquired of her—"Do you ever take boarders, madam?"—"Yes, Sir," was the reply. "Well, then, madam, wont you be good enough to let me see you take one?"

MADAME VESTRIS.

> "A woman of quick sense. * * *
> * * * There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks." *Troilus and Cressida.*

> "What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation: when she speaks 'tis an alarm to love. She is, indeed, a most exquisite lady, and I'll warrant her full of game." *Othello.*

Among the passengers arrived here last Sunday morning in the steamer Great Western, was this lady and her husband, Mr. Charles Mathews; they took lodgings at the Astor House, but are now on a visit to the Springs, recruiting after the fatigue of the voyage. As both are about to make their first appearance in this country at the Park theatre, we have thought the following facts, hastily thrown together, might not be uninteresting.

Of the gentleman, little more need be said, than that he "favors his papa" in his style of acting, as well as in his personal appearance. He has just about the same length, breadth, and thickness, without his father's everlasting mercurial excitement, his nerves, or his game leg—is what would be termed by many romantic young ladies "a dear, nice man," and by police reporters, "an intelligent individual, with interesting features, of about 30 years of age,"—there or thereabouts. He plays the same line of business that made his lamented father so celebrated on both sides the Atlantic, and in many of the former's inimitable personations is said to be perfectly "at home." He brings with him an immense number of new pieces, and the reputation of being one of the most promising comedians on the British stage. Turn we now to the lady.

Madame Vestris—Mrs. Mathews, we mean—is destined to be, this winter, "the observed of all observers"—"the cynosure of all eyes." For fifteen years past she has "borne no rival near the throne" in the personation of her line of characters, and her thousand charms of face and figure have been the constant theme of song and story, until the name of the gay widow has become familiar as a household word, wherever the English language is spoken. She is still in the hey-day of life, and if the St. Pancras parish register did not inform us of her birth in 1797, the descendants of "Walter, the Doubter," would have hardly imagined she had attained to that "certain age" so much deprecated by antiquated belles and knowing horse dealers.

Mrs. Mathews was born in London in 1797, of foreign parentage, her father being an Italian, and son of the celebrated engraver, Bartolozzi, while her mother was a German lady, a skilful professional pianist. A younger sister of her's, now Mrs. Anderson, is the wife of *the* "Anderson the Singer," respecting whose appearance at the Park theatre in 1832–3 a great row was got up, which resulted in his leaving the country. Mrs. Anderson left the Park when her husband was hissed off that stage, and afterwards made an engagement at the Richmond Hill theatre, then under the management of the late Richard Russell of the Camp street theatre, New Orleans. Just at this time, and while the whole town was up in arms on the subject, our trusty friend "Old Barnes" left the Park, and assumed the management of the Richmond Hill folly. But universally popular as he was, he could not make Anderson "go down," and the very first night the latter made his appearance, he was hissed and pelted, and as Barnes came forward to address the audience, the rioters seized him, and after carrying him about the house on their shoulders, set him down on the stage, and obliged him to sing "Barney leave the Girls alone" for about an hour, when they gave three cheers for "Old Barnes" and quietly dispersed. Mrs. A. played a few nights afterwards, and we recollect her as a most beautiful and accomplished actress, whose unhappy situation excited the warmest sympathy. But we have over run the scent, and must cry back.

Mrs. Mathews—Miss Eliza Bartolozzi, at the time of which we are writing—was not educated with a view to her adopting the stage as a profession, nor is it probable that her inclination would ever have led her to take that step, had not accident thrown in her way M. Armand Vestris, then principal dancer at the King's Theatre. This gentleman, the pupil and rival of his father, Auguste Vestris, was born in Paris, on the 3d of May, 1787, and made his first appearance as a dancer on the stage of that capital at the age of 13 years. He was presented to the public by his father and grandfather. The latter, who was entitled "*the God of Dance*," had quitted the stage some time before, on account of his advanced age, but came forward again on this gratifying occasion. All Paris repaired to the theatre to see the three Vestris's in the same ballet, and Armand was by unanimous consent adjudged the crown. He continued for several years to eclipse all rivals in most of the capitals of Europe, and at length made his debut on the 6th of January, 1809, in a *pas de deux* with madam Angiolini, at the King's Theatre, where he was the load-star of the season. The renown and attentions of this gentleman captivated the youthful heart of Miss Bartolozzi, and she was married to him at St. Martin's in the Fields on the 28th of January, 1813, ere she had attained the age of 16 years. This union has not been productive of any children. Notwithstanding the nature of M Vestris's profession, he for some time had no intention of introducing his wife to the stage as a performer; but after the lapse of a year or two, finding that his circumstances were not in a very flourishing condition, he determined upon bringing her forward as a candidate for public favor. She accordingly received a few lessons in singing from M. Corri, and made her first appearance for her husband's benefit at the King's Theatre, on Thursday the 20th of July, 1815, as *Proserpina*, in Winter's beautiful opera "*Il Ratto di Prosperpina.*" This was a bold undertaking, since the part had been composed expressly for Grassini, and her excellence was still vividly recollected by the town. The youth and beauty of Madame Vestris atoned, however, for her deficiency in point of talent, and she made a most favorable impression upon a crowded audience.

In a sketch of Madame Vestris written in 1822, and contained in a monthly periodical of the day entitled "The Drama, or Theatrical Pocket Magazine," we find that in 1815, and, indeed, for several years afterwards she was more indebted to her beauty than her talents for her professional success. "To confess the truth," says the writer, "her talents at this period were of a very humble order. Her voice by no means possessed the richness it has since acquired, and her acting was limited to crossing her arms gracefully upon her bosom, looking like a pretty piece of still life, or giving an occasional gentle wave of her right hand during the execution of a song." We gather from the same magazine that she remained at the King's Theatre until the close of the season, 1816, when she proceeded with her husband to Paris. On the 7th Dec. of that year she made her debut at the *Theatre Italien*, in that city, in her favorite character of *Proserpina* to the *Ceres* of Mrs. Dickons. The Parisian critics, however, were less indulgent than those of London; they would not suffer their judgment to be warped by the fascinations of youth and beauty: and accordingly Madame Vestris quickly assumed her due rank in the estimation of the public.

From Paris her husband proceeded to Naples, but was not accompanied on his Italian journey by our heroine, who preferred the fascinations of Paris to a trip across the Alps. We are unable to state the exact number of her performances in the French Capital, which she quitted in the winter of 1819, and having returned to London was engaged by Mr. Elliston, and made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 19th of February, 1820, as *Lilla*, in the "*Siege of Belgrade.*" She afterwards played *Adela*, in the "*Haunted Tower,*" *Artaxerxes*, and *Dolly Swiss*, in "*Shakspeare versus Harlequin,*" but although she was well liked by the town, her attraction was not very powerful until the manager hit upon the ingenious expedient of decorating her with *breeches*, and bringing her forward as *Giovanni* in the musical Burletta of "*Giovanni in London,*" which piece put scores of pounds into the treasury of the Theatre, and *ten*, as we are informed, into the pocket of its author, Mr. Moncrieff. The bait succeeded; the town ran in crowds to see Madame Vestris's legs, though they had been somewhat lukewarm about her singing, and hundreds "who made mouths at her" while attired in the becoming dress of her own sex, discovered that her proportions were most captivating when set off to advantage by a tight pair of elastic pantaloons.

Her fame now spread rapidly, and offers of engagements poured in from all quarters. Indeed from that day in 1821, to the present in 1837, her star has been in the ascendant, and she has enjoyed a greater degree of personal and professional popularity than has fallen to the lot of any one actress on the stage, with the single exception perhaps of Mademoiselle Mars. Her vocal and histrionic abilities have now for many years been acknowledged to be of the very highest order, and her successful management of the Olympic Theatre in London during several seasons prove her possession of talents of no common order. Madame Vestris was long separated from her first husband, who if we mistake not, died on the continent some years since. Her marriage with Matthews, consequent upon an engagement with Mr. Price for the Park, we conceive to have been the very highest compliment ever paid to the American Stage, overcoming as it did, obstacles which she had for years deemed insuperable to the successful prosecution of her profession in this country.

Mrs. Mathews is short in stature, but exquisitely formed, with limbs of almost faultless proportions; her face is handsome in repose, but radiant when lit up with light and life, and her arch dark eyes are capable of the most animated expression. She has moreover a bewitching mouth, which she is well aware of, and takes care, we are told, to play off the charms of her lips without mercy upon the "young men about town." Her voice is a *contr'alto*, rich, mellow, and powerful, and she has evidently made music a study from childhood; in her acting, she is said to be perfectly free and unembarrassed, under any circumstances, and plays with a degree of taste, spirit, and effect, that not only carries her audience with her, but draws the whole town to the theatre. How we do want to see her, Mr. Simpson!

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

New Jockey Clubs.—Intelligence has reached us of the organization of *three new* Jockey Clubs within the week past, from which some idea may be formed of the unexampled increase of blood stock and the universal popularity with which the sports of the Turf are beginning to be regarded in different sections of the country. Probably not less than *Thirty* new Jockey Clubs have been established within the last three months, and the fact is one of the highest importance. The organization of every new club gives increased value to the stock of the breeder and the turfman, and we see no reason why it will not command higher prices than ever upon the general resumption of business throughout the Union. Notwithstanding more capital has been invested in breeding since 1830, than the whole amount previously expended in this country in rearing blood stock, the supply is still inadequate to the demand. The market for first rate performers or fashionably bred young things of good promise, was never better than at this moment. Indeed we question if a first rate tried horse will not command a higher price than ever. When could *Duane*, for instance, have been sold for over $12,500! Mr. Neill has refused $15,000 for *Decatur*, and it is notorious that $5000 has been refused for ten or fifteen 3 yr. old colts and fillies, that have come out this Spring. It is no less true that there are four or five 2 yr. olds within 50 miles of this city which would command the same price. Messrs. Jackson and Boardman, of Alabama, the most extensive breeders, probably, in the Union, have refused this season $2500 for yearlings, and it is well known that Col. Hampton, Col. Crowell, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Minor, Capt. Duncan, Mr. Peyton, Col. Wynn, Col. Johnson, and a score of other gentlemen scattered over the Union, have foals dropped this Spring which would command the same enormous prices.

Hon. Alexander Barrow, of St. Francisville, La., has withdrawn *Lilac* and *Louisa Bascombe* from the turf, and put them to breeding. Lilac is stinted to Imp. Skylark, and Louisa to Imp. Leviathan. They were both good performers, and Lilac, while in the late Gen. Mabry's hands, was never beaten, we believe; she had a remarkable turn of speed, and Mr. B. evinces great good sense in breeding her to Skylark, one of the best Plate horses of his day.

Matches in Missouri.—A new Jockey Club has been recently organized at Independence, Missouri, and the first meeting will be held this Fall, during which the following matches will come off:—

Match, $500 a-side, Two mile heats, to come off 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct., between

Thos. H. Wilson's ch. f. *Beck*, by Sumpter, dam by Bedford 5 ys., and
Boone Hays' gr. h. *Rufus King* by Saxe Weimar, dam by Mendoza, aged.

Match, $500 a-side, Mile-heats, to come off the following day, between

T. H. Wilson's b. h. *Capt Bustard*, by Cherokee, dam by Green Hook, 6 yrs., and
B. Hays' bl. h *Jim Crow*, by Lafayette, dam by Whip, 6 yrs.

Sarah Bladen.—This splendid mare is now in the stable of Col. A. L. Bingaman, of Natchez, Miss., in the hands of Mr. Prior. They purchased her for a sum that "takes the hair off," and paid $1000 forfeit besides, on an engagement of her's in Tennessee. She came 4 yrs. old in May, and was got by Imp. Leviathan out of Morgiana by Pacolet. In October last she was sold by Col. George Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., to Mr. John R Head, of Manchester, Miss., for $8000, with her match against *Picton*. There is no doubt she is a crowder, and we are glad to see she goes into Col. B.'s stable, as opportunity will be afforded *Pressure, Wagner*, and other "cracks," to "take her measure" next winter.

Mountain Sylph.—This well known trotting mare was sold a few days since by Mr. Hassard for $1250—dog cheap, when we recollect that *Greenwich Maid* sold the same week for $1900. The latter was owned by Mr. Wm. E. Dennis. Mr. Edwards, of Philadelphia, was the purchaser.

Countess Plater, the fine brood mare owned by Philip St. George Ambler, Esq. of Amherst C. H. Va produced on the 26th ult. a superb bay colt by Imp. Priam, for which he claims the name of *Cedric*.

A new Jockey Club has just been established at the Cross Keys, Southampton Co. Va. The first Fall meeting will commence on Tuesday, the 18th Sept. next. Mr. Sampson C. Reese is the proprietor.

☞ A friend of ours has full sets of the "*Annals of Sporting*," and the "*Racing Calendar*," together with some English Sporting Prints, which he would gladly dispose of at a bargain to any gentleman desirous of possessing the same. As these works are rare in this country, as well as valuable to turfmen, the opportunity of procuring them at once, and cheap, may seem deserving the consideration of those engaged in matters of the turf. We shall cheerfully act as agents in the purchase.

D. McGehee, Esq., the County Surveyor and Secretary of the Jockey Club, and Frederick Meriwether, Esq., the President of the J. C., certify in the Turf Register to the fact that the Springfield (Ala) race track is one mile and nine inches in length, measuring three feet from the inside edge.

"Waterloo Course."—Hurrah for "Old Mrs Sipp!" Among other new race tracks recently laid out in the territories of the better half of Judge Lynch, is one a few miles back of Grand Gulf, on the Port Gibson road, to which has been given the name of "Waterloo." A Jockey Club has been organized, and a meeting will take place this fall, several thousand dollars having been already subscribed to "sot the thing a-going." A list of the Officers and the purses (amounting to $3000 odd,) may be looked for directly. The track is an exact mile, measured three feet from the inner rails, and the Virginia scale of weights are to be adopted. A Sweepstakes run in May last was thus decided :—

THURSDAY, May 10.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

T. B Magruder's bl. c. *Blacklock*, by Lance, dam by Bert and	1	2	1
Gen. Nicoll's br. f. *Rosalba*, by Arab, dam omitted	3	3	2
Mr. ———'s ch. f. by John Miller, dam by Pacolet	2	1	3

Time, 2:01—2.07—2:11.

SKINNER'S "*English and American Stud Book.*"—Will the proprietor of this work inform us at which of our booksellers it may be obtained? Mr. EDGAR is desired to inform us where copies of his "Race Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald and General Stud Book" may be obtained. We are constantly enquired of, and our booksellers appear to have disposed of all their copies.

Mr. Editor—I bespeak the following names, if they are not already used, for three of my colts :—

Colon (Christopher).
Tacon (the worthy Governor of Havana).
Moab (near akin).

GEO. N. SANDERS, *Grass Hills, Ky.*

HANOVER, (Va.) July 23d, 1838.

Mr. Porter,—I have just seen your paper of July 7, containing a letter from Maj. WHITE, proprietor of the Tree Hill Course, accompanied by a report of a sweepstakes run over that course this past Spring, which was omitted in the report of the Secretary. I, of course, also noticed the note you append to that communication. I am not disposed to be captious with either *Proprietor* or *Editor*, and shall therefore explain in perfect good humor. Under other circumstances I should be disposed to give my pen a belligerous nib, and take exception at your note editorial, as unnecessary and indefensible. The note of the secretary to the days racing omitted, that "*the materials for a report are so imperfect, that it was thought best to omit it altogether,*" gave much surprise to the editor, as we are now informed, and as he says doubtless to the Club. The solution is easy. The present secretary was appointed *after* those races were run, did not see them, and had no hand in preparing the data for a report, which he found insufficient for a report at all. No alternative was therefore left him, but to pass that day in total silence, or make a note giving the reason for the omission, that others, if they could, might supply it.

SECRETARY OF TREE HILL J. C.

Mary Blunt's Breeder.

Sir—Believing that no one is more ready than yourself to "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," allow me to correct an error which I find in the Spirit of the Times of the 10th March, under the head of "New Orleans Races," in relation to *Mary Blunt*. She was bred by GEO. B. CARY, Esq. of Southampton Co. Va. (not by Dr. GOODWYN), with other good ones, for one of which (*Nancy Blunt*) he was offered and refused five thousand dollars. Mr Cary has a fine string of young things coming on, some of which will astonish the natives, when they appear on the turf. Mary Blunt was sold, as you stated, out of the stable of Dr. GEO. GOODWYN, of Belfield, to Col. JOHNSON, for six thousand dollars.

A. W.

BOYKIN'S DEPOT, (Va.) Aug. 3, 1838.

O'Kelly.—Will some of the Tennessee breeders inform us why O'Kelly, now standing at Gallatin, is doing nothing with them? He cost here, $7000 when stock was low. Can it be possible that a brother to *Ariel* is so generally overlooked as to barely pay expenses? Are horses of his class to go out of fashion, like ladies' bonnets, before they get home? Old *Rattler*, too was unthought of until *Mingo* and *Atalanta*, brought him into notice when almost forgotten.

New York Spirit of the Times

O'Kelly made his present season at this place—Franklin—instead of Gallatin as our brother "Spirit" supposes. We are informed by Mr. Andrew Rodgers, one of his enterprising proprietors, that he has made a better season, the present year, than at any previous period. He has not—and cannot be overlooked or neglected. His fine appearance, qualities, and performances entitle him to a high rank among our finest horses, and it is cheerfully awarded him.

Western Weekly Review.

News by the Great Western.

The British steam packet *Great Western*, arrived off the Battery about half past 9 o'clock last Sunday morning, having left Bristol on the 21st of July. She was crowded with passengers, and nothing but a becoming respect for the ordinances of the Sabbath prevented her being cheered as she neared her dock, by the thousands assembled on the Battery.

In addition to our usual magazines, files of papers, etc., we have received our first number of "*The Bengal Sporting Magazine,*" published at Calcutta, probably the first copy ever sent to an American subscriber. The number before us is for Dec. 1837, Vol. X. It is conducted by J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq. Editor of "The Englishman" (a daily morning and evening paper in Calcutta) and the "East India United Service Journal." It contains nearly one hundred pages handsomely printed, and four engravings. Its contents present a great variety of articles, mostly original, upon sporting subjects, many of which are not only exceedingly well written, but highly interesting. Several essays upon breeding and the turf throw a new light upon the subject, and in looking over the racing calendar, we find that the native Arab horses, though of the best stock, are, in nine cases out of ten, beaten by their remote descendants taken out from Great Britain. We shall give copious extracts in our next, from this and the English Magazines for July, and our readers may not be uninterested to know that we are now in the regular receipt of *every Sporting paper or Magazine published in the English language!*

Our selections to-day will be found to comprise an ample summary of the latest and most interesting items of intelligence in European Sporting and Theatrical circles, to which we have devoted all the space at our command.

The *Siècle* of Paris says that one of the objects of Marshal Soult's mission to England was to obtain permission to remove the remains of Napoleon to France; and in this, it is said, he has succeeded, with the aid of the Duke of Wellington. It is stated, farther, that the Prince de Joinville is to proceed to St. Helena in command of a frigate, having on board a soldier from every regiment in France, and that the remains of the Emperor are to be deposited under the column in the Place Vendome, with solemn and religious ceremonies, at which the Duke of Wellington will be invited to be present.

A grand civic dinner was given by the corporation of London to the foreign extraordinary ambassadors and resident ministers, at Guildhall, on the 13th of June. It was attended by the Queen's Ministers, and by a number of the leading men of both political parties. Among the guests were the Duke de Nemours, the Duke of Coburg, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. John Van Buren. In the course of the toasting and speech-making, Marshal Soult and the Duke of Wellington paid each other some very handsome compliments. Their names were united in one of the regular toasts.

Lord Castlereagh has made his appearance in public, and has been "congratulated by a number of his fashionable acquaintances on his convalescence." If his puppy of a lordship imagines that he is a lion in consequence of his duel he is mightily mistaken. There can be but little to boast of, after having been wounded by the spouse of the "singing woman." The less ostentation this lord makes the better for his reputation. He inherits all the superciliousness and ignorance of his parent.

"This is a pretty piece of work at White's, touching the introduction of a certain lady by Standish on the day of the coronation," said Paul Pry Byng to Alvanley. "A *pretty piece* of work indeed," drily rejoined Al, "and so I believe the majority of the members think."

Castlereagh complains now of no other inconvenience from his wound than an occasional *shooting* pain which affects his arm at times from the elbow joint to the wrist.

BURNING OF THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—The Vaudeville Theatre at Paris was totally destroyed by fire on the night of July 15th. A fireman on going his rounds in the theatre about three o'clock in the morning, smelt an odor of fire, and prudently let down the stage curtain to stop the draught of air, if any fire should actually be found to exist. He went towards the roof over the audience part of the theatre, where the smell came from, and found the interior of the roof in full blaze. On this he immediately alarmed his two comrades on duty, and soon after the chandelier fell through into the body of the house, breaking all to pieces. Awakened by the smell of the smoke and the shouts of people outside, M. Barthe, treasurer of the theatre, rushed into the side scenes, and looking through the curtain, saw all the interior of the upper part of the audience division of the building in flames. He immediately alarmed his wife and servant, the porter and his family, and they all escaped. The proprietor of the Cafe du Vaudeville had also time to save his mirrors and furniture before the flames rendered any entrance into the building dangerous. The performers are stated to be generally heavy losers. More than 200 families are thrown out of employment by this calamity. Up to the time of our going to press the ruins were still emitting great volumes of smoke, and the engine men had not left off working.

We understand that the theatre was insured for about 450,000 francs, in several policies, of which 200,000 francs were in the Phœnix company. The *caisse* containing the receipts of the preceding night's representation, as well as the registers and account books of the theatre, were fortunately preserved, but several of the performers, including Messrs. Taigny and Hippolite, and Mesdames Balthasard and Albert, &c., we are sorry to learn, are considerable losers by the destruction of their wardrobes. The scenery &c. has been totally consumed. The sparks and burning pieces of wood fell so thickly on the royal stables in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, and in the courts of that building, that it was judged fit to remove the carriages and horses to a place of safety, which was done without any accident occurring. From all that we have been able to learn, no lives are as yet certified to have been lost; seven firemen are stated to have been more or less severely wounded, and especially a serjeant major of that invaluable corps, but we do not hear of any other serious casualties.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The re-production of Costa's opera, *Malek Adel*, is an act of Justice which we feel pleasure in noticing. The success which it met with last season was great; and we have often wondered at its having been apparently consigned to oblivion. *Malek Adel* is full of beauties of a high order, and, in dramatic and scenic respects, is worthy of all commendation. It must now be reckoned amongst the standard works of the great composers of Europe.

We this week (says the London Age of July 15) have devoted a portion of our columns to a review of the pieces that have been produced at our two patent theatres during the past season, in order to show what has been done by the respective managers :—

DRURY LANE.

Oct. 7, 1837.—*The Child of the Wreck.* (Successful.)
Oct. 20.—*A new Divertissement.* (Successful.)
Oct. 28.—*Indian Girl.* (Well received.)
Nov. 6.—*Caractacus.* Planche. (Damned.)
Nov. 21.—*Daughter of the Danube*, ballet. (Highly successful.)
Nov. 30.—*Joan of Arc*, opera, by Balfe. (Successful.)
Dec. 26.—*Harlequin and Jack-a-Lantern.* (Successful.)
Jan. 18, 1838.—*Our Mary Anne*, farce, by Buckstone. (Successful.)
March 10.—*Magic Flute*, opera. (Successful.)
April 16.—*Meltonians*, farce, by Peake. (Not very well received.)
April 19.—*The Gipsy's Warning*, an opera, by Benedict. (Very successful.)
May 22.—*Harvest Home*, an opera, by H. Phillips. (Damned.)
June 7.—*Dominica*, opera. (Damned.)
June 20.—*Acis and Galatea*, received and performed for Seguin's Benefit.

COVENT GARDEN.

Oct. 12.—*The Novice*, a play. (Well received, but did not run more than six nights.
——— *The Afrancesado*, a melodrama. (Unsuccessful.)
Nov.—*Joan of Arc*, a melodrama. (Very successful.)
—— *The Original*, a farce. (Successful.)
Dec. 2.—*Amilie*, an opera, by Rooke. (Very successful, and performed more than 50 nights during the season.)
Dec. 26.—*Peeping Tom*, a pantomime. (A great hit, as was Stanfield's Diorama.)
Jan. 1838.—*Black Domino*, an opera. (Unsuccessful.)
Feb. 15.—*Lady of Lyons* (A highly successful play, by Bulwer.)
Feb. 21.—*Mackintosh & Co.*, a farce, for Power. (Unsuccessful.)
April 7.—*Two Foscari*, a tragedy, by Lord Byron. Got up for Macready's benefit. (Successful.)
Windsor Castle, an operetta, produced on the same evening. (Damned.)
April 16.—*Sindbad the Sailor*, a tale of enchantment. (Well received, but not very successful.)
May 10—*The Veiled Portrait*, a farce. (Tolerably successful.)
May 23.—*Woman's Wit, or Love's Disguises*, a play, by Sheridan Knowles. (The most successful piece of the season, and deservedly so.)
May 30.—*The Outpost*, an operetta, by Hullah. (Successful.)

Added to which, we have had some of the first plays of Shakspeare revived, with an attention to costume and scenery which has never been equalled on the British stage. We have only to refer to *Macbeth, King Lear, Othello, Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, The Winter's Tale,* and *Coriolanus;* to Mr. Macready the public are indebted for these revivals; and although the past season has not been one of profit to him, yet we rejoice to say it has been, as far as his ambition was concerned, highly successful; we earnestly hope that the next will be a more prosperous one, and that the gentleman in question, who again ventures upon the management, will have the satisfaction, at the end of next season, of putting "money in his purse," and finding that the public not only has appreciated his unwearied efforts to uphold the Drama of England, but has cheered him on by *practical* support, and by a generous acknowledgment of his exertions.

English Opera House.—A new opera, entitled *Rob of the Fen*, was produced on Saturday last at the above theatre. The plot turns upon the love of *Robin Hood* (alias *Rob of the Fen*), for *Adeleve* (Mrs. Seguin), and of *Edgar* (Mr. Burnett) for *Editha* (Mrs. Rainforth). The story is interesting, and well told, and the songs are worthy of the name of *poetry*—a rare thing in librettos now-a-days Mr. Mark Lemon is the author of the words, and Mr. F. Romer has admirably adapted the music of Marschner, a composer whose style is rather too elaborate for English ears.

Haymarket.—Celeste has returned to this theatre for twelve nights; and little Hill, the Yankee, has also been engaged by Webster. By the way, Web, it is a little too bad of you putting out fair friend Waylett in the last piece every evening. Reform it altogether: she is worthy a better place.

Vauxhall Gardens.—The Grand Duke of Nassau did not attend the Gardens on Tuesday, but the Marquis of Palmella did. The balloon ascent was the best of the season, and the ærial voyagers were much gratified with their trip. A lady possessing the courage of a Wellington and the beauty of a Venus, was one of the party, and, we are informed, was particularly *amusing* in the clouds.

Warde is doing much for his "Charming Polly," and the Charming Polly is doing well for Davidge, who, by the bye, is making a second fortune at the Surrey.

Mrs. Honey has joined Levy at the Victoria, and the *bee-hive* has been well filled every evening.

Cinti Damoreau, Doehler, and Bochsa, have been very successful at Bath and Cheltenham. They are on their way to Liverpool and Manchester. Doehler creates everywhere the greatest enthusiasm.

Frazer, of Drury Lane, goes to Covent Garden next season, at a salary of £8 per week. Tom Cooke, we understand, will also become a member of that establishment.

Vandenhoff is busily engaged in the City. Well, well, so let him be; we consider him better calculated, as our friends the Yankees would say, for the *stocks* than the *stage*.

The only *sterling* actress, we hear, has left the stage, and we are very sorry for it. She is not only a very pretty woman, but an excellent performer, and we can ill afford to lose her in these "piping times of peace."

The Drury Lane Committee have advertised the theatre, and state that it is to be let by *tenders*. All we can say on that subject is, that we are ready to send one in; and if that will not do, we beg leave to inform them there is another lies "off" *the Tower*.

Power appeared at Dublin on Tuesday, in his favorite characters of *Rory O'More* and *Pat Rooney*. The house was crowded to excess.

M. de Melci and Madame Grisi.—"A post-chaise and four, containing Madame Grisi, a female friend, and Mr. Balfe, arrived at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on Sunday last. A short time after the arrival of this party, an interview took place between them and M. de Melci, who had previously become an inmate of the York Hotel; the result of which interview was, that all the parties to this conference returned immediately to London together. It has been understood that M. de Melci had made arrangements for embarking for Dieppe by the next steamer, and that his ultimate destination was Russia."

Morning Post of Friday

The above paragraph will not appear very extraordinary to those who remember the observations we felt called upon to make upon the duel between Viscount Castlereagh and M. de Melci. We then felt convinced that our estimate of M. de Melci was a just one. He is, in very truth, a most "distinguished foreigner." We hope our readers have not forgotten that this very *Post* was the paper that came so strenuously forward as the champion of the "amiable and virtuous Grisi," and the "much injured and chivalrous M. de Melci.

Age of Sunday.

SADLER'S WELLS.—A new piece has this week been produced; it is from the pen of Mr. Leman Rede, and is called *Kohal Cave*. The scene and incidents depend on the vengeance of a desperate smuggler (Mr. Honner), and the villany of a Mr. Merriton (Mr. Cathcart), the uncle of Lord Hartville (Mr. J. Webster). His Lordship has incurred the hatred of the smuggler, by having wounded him in an affray on the sea-coast, and Merriton, who is anxious to remove his nephew, combines with him to effect his purpose. The scene commences in England (in Cornwall), and afterwards is shifted to America. A Yankee, from Old Kentucky (Mr. Conquest), is introduced with good effect, and his exaggerations and peculiar dialect afford a good deal of laughter. Mrs. Honner played the wife of the smuggler exceedingly well. The piece, which is well got up, was received with universal applause by a crowded audience.

The Misses Smith, now performing at Liverpool, are the nieces of the Countess of Essex. A report was in circulation, soon after the marriage of the Countess, that these young ladies had retired from the stage. We believe the Countess provided liberally for all branches of her family, but the choice was left entirely to the Misses Smith either to withdraw from the stage or to continue in public life, and, encouraged by the marks of approbation and favour which the fair vocalists had uniformly experienced from the public during the two seasons they were engaged in London, at Mr. Braham's theatre, they resolved to continue their present professional pursuits. These young ladies have recently been performing with great success at the Edinburgh theatre.

Bell's Life.

THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.—The season, which has been most successful, is drawing to a close. Mr. W. Farren was "starring it" last week, and Balls is the present attraction, with Mr. Bulwer's admirable play of *The Lady of Lyons*. The stage-manager, Simpson, takes his benefit to-morrow; and, as the success of the theatre is mainly to be attributed to his judicious management, we hope he may have weighty returns, in the shape of a liberal patronage. Messrs. Wilson, Leffler, and Manvers, with Miss Shirreff, are in reserve for the opera of *Amilie*, and the house will close about the middle of August.

Balfe's opera of *Falstaff* is to be produced this week; he is superintending it himself. The following is the cast :—

Falstaff	Lablache
Ford	Tamburini
Fenton	Rubini
Mrs. Ford	Grisi
Anne Page	Albertazzi.

The music is described to be of a very pleasing character, especially some of the chorusses. The chief features are a cavatine, by Grisi; a trio, in which Grisi and Albertazzi join; a duet between Tamburini and Lablache; and a duet between Grisi and Lablache, when the latter is dressed up as an old woman. The night on which it is intended to be produced, is the one selected by Lablache for his benefit. Like Stephen Kemble, he will be able to play the part without stuffing; and we doubt not but that his conception of it will be a highly amusing one.

Macready has left town to enjoy a short tour on the continent. He intends to remain in Paris about a fortnight. Webster, the lessee of the Haymarket, has engaged Macready for a limited period. It is at present arranged that his first performance will take place at that theatre on Monday, the 23d of July.

On Monday evening, the unrivalled dancer, Madamoiselle Taglioni, opened a brief engagement at the Liverpool Theatre, before a completely crowded house; even standing room was difficult to obtain.

Liverpool Standard.

Mathews, the clown, who is engaged at Covent-garden, has been making a sensation, in conjunction with his friend Sutton, in Ipswich, and reviving the days of Grimaldi in that quiet town.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SALE OF RACERS.—The following horses in training, the property of Mr. Bond (declining the Turf), were sold on Monday last :—A chesnut colt, by Emilius, out of Legend, 4 yrs., 258 gs.; Coriolanus, by Emilius, out of Linda, 200 gs.; and Young Kean, 3 yrs. 200 gs.

The Duke of Grafton has sold his three year-old filly *Unique*, to go to Germany; the price, we hear, was 150 guineas.

Mr. W. Scott has purchased of Mr. Smith, of Middleham, a brown yearling colt, by Jerry, out of Olive, by Tarragon, own brother to Col. Anson's colt, which was at the York Spring Meeting.

DR. SYNTAX.—Just as we were quitting Newmarket on Thursday we were informed that sentence of death had been passed upon this celebrated stallion.

We are happy to find that through the indefatigable exertions of the gentlemen who have interested themselves in the matter, Brighton races are likely to be revived in more than their former brilliancy. A racing club has been formed, with the Duke of Richmond at its head, which already numbers upwards of fifty members, including many influential noblemen and gentlemen, resident as well as non-resident in Brighton.

The public are cautioned against a set of vagabond imposters, who are going round the race towns, and, by representing themselves the distressed relatives of Conelly, the jockey, succeed in extracting money from the purses of the patrons of the turf and others. Conelly is a very worthy exemplary young man in *every relation of life*, and we trust this exposure of the lying scoundrels will be the means of putting an end to their rascally schemes, and of protecting him in future from such abominable pests. We wish a whip were—

"In every honest hand,
To lash the rascals naked through the world."

"THE AGE" BRIGHTON COACH.—An impression having got abroad, from the absence of Sir Vincent Cotton from the box of "The Age," that the Hon. Baronet had resigned "the ribbons" altogether, we have great pleasure in stating, that although causes operated to induce him for a time not to patronize some of the "tits" submitted to his experienced hand, yet these causes have been judiciously remedied, and he once more shines forth, as the best whip of "The Age," and is daily seen on the box in all the pride of confidence and public favour.

TROUT FISHING.—To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.—Sir—Seeing a challenge in your paper, dated the 2d July, inst., by a person of the name of R. Eustace, to fish any gentleman in England with the artificial fly, he considering himself to have as much science in the ancient art as any brother angler, there is an old dabbler in that way that will accept the challenge, provided he will fish in the river Derwent, Derbyshire, which is a river where there is room to show which is the best angler. Should he agree to fish there, he can apply to Wentworth-house Inn, Rockingham-street, Sheffield, where the needful is ready by

JOHN TURTON.

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.—A circumstance which has not occurred in the memory of the oldest angler, who frequents the banks of the river Don, took place on Friday, the 29th ult. Mr. John Armitage, of the steam mill, Doncaster, caught a roach of the extraordinary weight of 5lb. 2oz. The appearance of such a fish has astonished all who have been favored with a sight of it.

NOVEL WAGER.—A ridiculous wager was laid last week at Arras, by a peasant of the neighborhood, that he would imitate in every point the practical waggeries that could be played by a species of the "learned dog" in the possession of a young man in the town. The bet having been accepted, the proprietor of the dog commenced by ordering the animal to shut the door. The command was instantly obeyed, and the feat, being by no means difficult of execution, was, instantly imitated by the biped with a degree of sagacity nearly equal to that of his canine model. The next order—"lie down and die"—was obeyed simultaneously by both dog and man. The third order—"jump over the chair"—was executed with considerably greater facility by the four-legged than by the two-legged performer, who in carrying it into effect, brought his head into sudden and close contact with the ceiling of the room, which was inconveniently low, and was immediately *floored*. The final order was—"Mouton, take up your position, at ten paces distance, on your hind quarters." Mouton and his rustic imitator were all obedience, and squatted in the most picturesque position, opposite each other. The proprietor of the dog, upon this, jerked a large stone at the animal, which, though aimed with considerable force, Mouton, thanks to his long practice, caught in his mouth, with the utmost grace and dexterity. This was a feat beyond the reach of the peasant, who wisely preferred paying the wager—a can of beer for the spectators of his defeat—to receiving a broken jaw.

WALKING MATCH.—Mr. Editor—Having read in several of the newspapers of a man undertaking to perform the arduous task of walking one mile and a quarter per hour for one thousand hours, I cannot bring my mind to believe that any person can perform it, and especially in taking no other refreshment than tea, coffee, &c. To prove to the public and the Teetotallers Society, that it cannot be done so well as by those who take the requisite refreshment and proper nourishment, I am willing to make a match with the said teetotaller to walk with him for one week, and give him fifty miles start. I am backed by Lushington & Co., and willing to make it for fifty to two hundred pounds aside. My money is ready at Tom Spring's, Castle Tavern, Holborn, at any time he may be inclined to accept of this invitation. I am, &c.

JOHN TOWNSHEND.

ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES IN ONE THOUSAND HOURS.—This extraordinary undertaking was concluded on Bromley-common on Monday evening, the pedestrian starting at fifteen minutes after eight and finishing at half-past. J. E. Molloy has, without any great distress, accomplished the herculean task of walking one mile and a quarter every hour for a thousand successive hours. His walking throughout was excellent, and it was the opinion of many that he could do one mile and a half in the hour. The lane he walked in was lined with carriages of all descriptions, and amongst them we noticed some of the higher class, and not less than four thousand people. The cottage was decorated with laurel boughs and a large blue bag. A volley of fire-arms was fired at starting and coming in; and the pedestrian, on entering the cottage, actually danced a sailor's hornpipe, to the no small gratification of those who happened to be near enough to get a peep at him. He is a member of the Temperance Society, and did not take anything stronger than tea, coffee, and a little ginger beer. He wore the medal of the society; and it is understood that he will be rewarded by them —and if ever man deserved it, he does, as it showed what sobriety will do.

Sunday Times.

ENORMOUS PIKE.—Last week an enormous pike, weighing 25lb, was caught in the fish ponds belonging to T. Walker, Esq., of Ravenfield Park; and on Friday it was cooked at the Doncaster Grand Stand, and served up at the dinner of the gentlemen of the cricket club.

Fresh salmon, to a considerable extent, has recently been sent from Ireland to Liverpool, packed in ice, and from thence shipped (per steamer) to New York.

DONCASTER RACES.—The death of the Duke of Leeds will produce a loss upon the next and the subsequent races. By the decease of this highly esteemed nobleman all his turf engagements are at an end. It strikes out his three horses for the Champagne, two for the St. Leger, four for the Tow-year-olds, and one for the Gascoigne Stakes, this year; and six for the St. Leger, and one for the Park Hill Stakes, 1839. The late noble duke has been a strenuous and uniform supporter of the races for a long series of years; and his loss will be deeply lamented by all the lovers of the turf.

Cobham and Sister to Marvel have declared not to start for the Goodwood Cup; and Amato has also declared not to start for the Drawing-room Stakes.

Burletta.—Sir James Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, has purchased, of R. Jaques, Esq., his well known mare, Burletta, by Actæon, 6 yrs old.

Sir Samuel Crompton, Bart., of Wood End, Yorkshire, has sold a very promising yearling colt, by Velocipede out of Alice, by Phantom, grandam by Rubens, to W. Armitage, Esq., of Ainderby Hall.

Talleyrand.—H. S. Thompson, of Fairfield House, near York, has sold his promising St. Leger colt Talleyrand by Voltaire, dam by Waverley—Cerberus—Barefoot's dam—to Mr. Cooke, for a large sum. It will be remembered that he has only once appeared in public, when he ran the Duke of Cleveland's Alzira to half a neck, for the York Spring St. Leger Stakes, this year; he has no other engagement at present but that for the Doncaster St. Leger.

THE SPORTS OF THE PEOPLE.—On the day of the coronation the Rev. Robert Armitage, curate of Sellack, near Ross, Herefordshire, addressing an assemblage of agricultural labourers, expressed an opinion that they had not a sufficient share of recreation, and said that he was favourable to rural sports, properly conducted, on the week days. He warmly approved of the conduct of the Duke of Buccleugh and Lord John Scott, in patronizing the harmless amusements of the people, and thought it worthy of general imitation. Such sentiments are highly creditable to Mr. Armitage, as a Christian minister.

STATE OF THE ODDS.

The following notice of the betting in town is confined to what was done on Sunday and Monday last, the business on Thursday having been too slight to require detail:—

LIVERPOOL CUP.

4 to 1 agst. St. Bennett (taken).
6 to 1 agst. Harkaway (taken).

GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES (CHELTENHAM).

5 to 1 agst. Mahometan (taken).
13 to 2 —— Carew (taken).
11 to 1 agst. Jack-in-the-Green (taken).

Zohrab first favorite, but no price named.

GOODWOOD STAKES.

Valentissimo and Mahometan are in great favor, and are thought to be so exceedingly well in, that very liberal odds are offered against any other. The prices up to Monday evening were—

9 to 2 agst. Valentissimo.
6 to 1 —— Mahometan (taken).
9 to 1 —— Toothill.
12 to 1 agst. Heron (taken).
13 to 1 —— Puppy (taken).
No others mentioned.

DRAWING-ROOM STAKES.

Amato is declared not to start. Grey Momus is the favorite against the field.

GOODWOOD CUP.

Sister to Marvel is declared not to run.

ST. LEGER.

Several bets have been made on this race without any material change. We have only to point out a slight improvement in Don John, Cobham, and Mr. Thompson's colt. Grey Momus is not mentioned.

5 to 1 agst. Ion (taken).
6 to 1 —— Don John.
10 to 1 —— Cobham.
16 to 1 —— D'Egville.
18 to 1 —— Albemarle.
18 to 1 agst. Mr. Thompson's colt.
20 to 1 —— Appleton Lad (taken).
20 to 1 —— Lanercost (taken).
25 to 1 —— Jemmy Jumps (taken).
40 to 1 —— Vertumnus (taken).

5 to 4 on Ion against Don John.

DERBY.

600 to 50 agst. Brother to Bay Middleton (taken).
1000 to 50 —— Bulwark (taken).

Bell's Life, July 15.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

Seldom is it the lot of a public journalist to record the death of a nobleman who has stood for years more respected, or whose loss will be more deplored, than that of this worthy, esteemed, and beloved ornament to the British turf, and whose loss to the sport cannot be estimated less than that of a national calamity; and long will the admirer of the turf exclaim, when memory points to him, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

His Grace was taken suddenly indisposed at his residence in London on Saturday last, and expired on Tuesday morning, July the 10th, at half past seven o'clock; his only surviving son, created among the new batch of peers Baron Osborne (now Duke of Leeds), and his lady being at his bedside at the time of the bereavement. The late Duke married on the 17th August, 1797, Charlotte, daughter of George, first Marquis Townshend.

The late duke was the lord-lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, governor of the Scilly Isles, constable of Middleham Castle, and ranger of Richmond Forest, Yorkshire.

The respected duke was born on the 21st of July, 1775, and was consequently in his 63d year. He succeeded to the barony of Conyers in the peerage of England upon the decease of his mother, Amelia, only daughter and heiress of Robert D'Arcy, Earl of Holderness (a baroness in her own right,) in 1784; and in 1799, on the demise of his father, Francis Godolphin, the fifth duke, on the 31st of January, he succeeded to the dukedom and family honors of Marquis of Carmarthen, Earl of Danby, Viscount Latimer of Danby, Baron Osborne of Kiveton, in the county of York, and Viscount Dunblane in the county of Perth, in the peerage of Scotland.

In our notice of this esteemed nobleman, it is not our purpose to treat of any particular portion of his memoirs, save that of his connection and attachment to that sport to which our columns have ever been more particularly devoted, and on the field of which he has so long been looked upon as "AN EMPEROR;" indeed, we know not to how many interesting meetings we could point which have been mainly indebted to his fostering aid and influence for their sole existence, and whose loss we now fear they will severely feel. His grace may truly be styled one of the oldest supporters of the northern turf, having first appeared as an owner of a race horse at Richmond Meeting in 1797, when he won the Filly Stakes with a bay filly *Ænigma*, by Young Marske; his next appearance was, after he succeeded to the dukedom, at Catterick Meeting in 1799, when he ran a filly by Aston, dam by Drone, for the Filly Stakes, in which he ran third; since then he has successively brought out on the turf ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE RACERS, many of whom were justly esteemed and valuable animals.

He had but once the good fortune to claim the St. Leger Stake as his own, when he won it with *Octavian*, which horse became his property under the following singular circumstance:—In the year 1810, the Duke possessed an estate near Seamer, in the north riding of Yorkshire, and having been spending some days at Scarborough, was proceeding in his carriage from thence through his estate, when he accidentally witnessed one of his own tenants ploughing in a field, with a chesnut colt foal following the mare which was dragging the plough; his grace ordered his carriage to be stopped; examined the foal—ascertained its pedigree—purchased it, and thus became possessed of one of the most fortunate animals he ever called his own. Of the other portions of his stud, many were purchased of different parties, though the majority were the produce of his grace's own stud farm, at Hornby Castle, where he had breeding hovels, paddocks, and every requisite convenience, upon the completest and most perfect scale. His grace, with a few exceptions of short duration, always had his own private trainer, his horses when young being prepared in his magnificent park adjoining Hornby Castle, and afterwards removed for mature work to either Hambleton or Middleham. Among the several trainers, who have had the management of his stud, may be enumerated Mr. Francis Jordan, Mr. Bartle Atkinson, Mr. Wm Clarke (afterwards trainer to the Marquis of Westminster), Mr. James Croft, and the present trainer, Mr. Christopher Scaife, who has now for some years had the entire management of his grace's stud.

Among the numerous jockies who have claimed him as their master, and sported his livery of chocolate satin, we may enumerate the late Benjamin Smith, George Franks, Samuel Barnard, W Clift (who won the St. Leger on Octavian), John Jackson, John Shepherd Robert Johnson, John Cartwright, and S Templeman.

In person the respected Duke ever looked the perfect nobleman, and was, perhaps, one of the finest made and best dressed men in the kingdom; his hospitable mansion was the model of the dwellings of nobility in olden times, abounding with every comfort and hospitality to the sojourner within its stately walls, and perhaps we could not find, throughout the kingdom, a nobleman more beloved by all classes, from the peer to the peasant, than the Duke, whose long connection with the turf has been one of almost unparalleled honor to himself, as the most strict and inflexible integrity was ever identified with all his proceedings in the racing world. Indeed, so far did he carry out that principle, that it was a rule with him never to allow his horses to be tried in private; and if he had run two or three horses in one race against a large field, even if they all had defeated their competitors, they were expected to contend the race to the end (if even with punishment), the same as if they had belonged to separate and distinct owners. A forcible instance of this principle was illustrated at Catterick, when Longinus and Zohrab ran a cutting race to the finish, and both were his Grace's horses. Here then is a brilliant gem in the annals of the British Turf, which we fancy we may challenge all Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot to match, and hold up as a proud example for the imitation and admiration of all ranks and grades of existing sportsmen; and well, indeed, would it be (and much could we wish that we could enforce it), that many now treading on the same theatre of life would follow his line, and adopt his *caste of character*, and then we doubt not but we should rejoice in witnessing the Turf restored to a healthy and vigorous frame, while that suspicion, distrust, and censure, too much, unhappily, allied to many now connected with the sport, would be swept away into oblivion, and the legitimate sport propagated in its purity, and its patrons found worthy of the name of gentlemen.

By the duke's decease of course all his engagements on the Turf become void.

Sunday Times.

SALE OF LORD BERNERS' STUD.

The sale of the late Lord Berners' racing stud took place on the 12th of July, and, as might have been expected from the extraordinary excellence of the blood, went off for large sums. The most interesting lots were the two yearling fillies (remarkably promising), Camarine's dam, and the Oscar mare out of her; the competition for them was exceedingly spirited, and ended, we believe, in their being knocked down to English purchasers; the same was the case with nearly all the prime lots. The following were the prices:—

STALLION.	GS.
A brown horse, 6 yrs., by Lamplighter—Spinning Jenny, by Juniper	110
HORSES IN TRAINING.	
A chesnut mare, 4 yrs., by Oscar, dam by Rubens, out of Spotless	56
A chesnut filly, 3 yrs., by Lamplighter, dam by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam, (the Oscar mare foaled in 1830)	460
A bay colt, 2 yrs., by Cetus, out of Rotterdam	90
A bay filly, 2 yrs., sister to Phosphorus	220
YEARLINGS.	
A bay filly by Lamplighter, dam by Oscar—Camarine's d. (foaled 1830)	420
A bay filly, sister to Phosphorus	500
A chesnut colt by Ishmael, out of Malvina	71
BROOD MARES.	
Rotterdam, by Juniper—Spotless, by Walton; covered by Rococo	40
A chesnut mare by Rubens, out of Spotless; covered by Rococo	48
Filly foal by Buzzard, out of the chesnut Spotless mare	47
Malvina, by Oscar, out of Spotless; covered by Rococo	280
Colt foal by Ibrahim, out of Malvina	53
A chesnut mare by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet; covered by Lamplighter. This mare is the dam of Camarine	500
Colt foal by Lamplighter—Camarine's dam (own bro. to Phosphorus)	220
A chesnut mare by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam (foaled in 1830); covered by Lamplighter	550

The house and paddock on Mill-hill were sold from the same box by Mr. Tattersall's nephew for £815. A two year old colt by Mulatto, out of Liska, and one of the same age by Actæon, out of Fiddlestring (both Lord Orford's), fetched 60 guineas each, and a two year old brother to Sluggard 21 gs. Several other lots were bought in.

Bell's Life.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING, 1838.

"How sweet it is at early morn to spring
From sleep and its bewildered fantasies;
To catch the rose's fragrance on the wing
Ere the first dews have faded from its dyes;
To trace the changeful tissue of the skies,
The purple stealing on the tender gray,
Then the streaked red—the long, gold line that lies
Fringing the hill that seems to check its way;
Then the broad, surging flame, and lo! the King of Day!"

Such were our thoughts and feelings as we arrived within sight of Newmarket last Tuesday, 10th July, precisely at four o'clock, A.M.; we like to be particular. The morning—but, stay, we are nothing unless poetical in describing the morning—the rosy-fingered morning had just opened the golden portals of the east to admit the Monarch of the Day! How delicious is the balmy tranquillity that we experienced after all the dust and din—the fever of excitement—and the dazzling splendors of the gorgeous pageantry of the coronation.

"The ripe harvest of the new-mown hay"

diffused around us "a sweet and wholesome odour," that was more exhilarating than anything that the "British College of Health" could have administered.—"Throw physic to the dogs—we will none of it:" we shall "*Morris*"-*soon* enough from the stage of life without it!

The Newmarket July Meeting forms, if we may be allowed the metaphor, the centre of the arch of time that spans the racing season. A figure some may say not *met-afore*,—but never mind. As an itinerant representative of the mad *Octavian* once said, "We smile at the feeble malice of the *elephants*." The great Southern spectacle, the Derby, and the regal Ascot, are passed; but the aristocratical Goodwood, and the great Northern spectacle, the St. Leger, are to come. Fortune, in the distribution of her favors, seems to have overlooked Newmarket for some time past: and we have more than once felt inclined to mark her "*dies infaustus*," with a *black* stock; but "BLACK-STONE'S Commentaries" have been so often prevented by the remembered philosophy of Sancho Panza, who, on his return from an important commission, when asked by his master whether he should mark the day with a white or a black stone, replied, "Faith, sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither—but with good *brown ochre*." Good brown ochre is, therefore, the complexion of it: but, may brighter days speedily return.

Having no inclination to sleep away the beautiful morning that shone around us, although the day was yet quite young when we entered the town, we strolled over the Heath, and "tasted health in every fragrant breeze." The turf was in excellent condition, and gave ample evidence of the care which had been bestowed upon it. At an early hour different trains of horses began to show for exercise, and, while taking their gallops, gave additional beauty, grace, and cheerfulness, to the far-extending scene. We noticed some fine specimens of young stock from Lord Jersey's and Lord Exeter's stud; Rogers has also one or two that promise to do "summat handsome" for him by-and-bye, and we hope he will not be disappointed.

Shortly after ten o'clock, the appearance of the town betokened a more numerous attendance of visitors than we had expected to find; and the hope that had evidently drawn many to the place, that some of the "illustrious foreigners" would honor the meeting with their presence, was realised by the arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke de Nemours, attended by the Marquis de Beranger, General Colbert, Count de Bearn, and Count Flahault. After having partaken of a sumptuous and elegant *dejeuner a la fourchette*, at Colonel Peel's, the distinguished party proceeded to inspect the principal racing establishments, and were afterwards escorted to the Duke of Richmond's Stand on the Heath. They appeared to take great interest in the day's sport, and to be highly delighted with it. The moment it was over, they returned to London for "the banquet and the ball."

The betting at the front of the rooms, before the racing commenced, was chiefly confined to "the GOODWOOD STAKES." Valentissimo was backed at 5 to 1; Mahometan was in pretty considerable favor, at 6 to 1; Harkaway found a few friends at 9 to 1; King Cole had "lots" of support at 11 to 1; and Heron was in the market at the same price. 200 even was laid, Mahometan against King Cole and Heron; and a similar sum, Valentissimo against the same two.

Amongst the company present during the meeting were the Duke of Richmond, Lords Exeter, Jersey, Verulam, Stradbroke, Chesterfield, Suffield, G. Bentinck, Wharncliffe, Oxford, J. Fitzroy, March, and Alexander Lennox; Honorables Col. Anson, G. Byng, Captain Rous, Sir Sandford Graham; Colonels Peel and Udny; Messrs. C. Wilson, Greville, Sloane Stanley, Irby, Elwes, Thornhill, Portman, Newton, Hawker, Etwall, Worrall, Robinson, Crommelin, Hunter, Roberts, Batson, Williamson, Tattersall, Gordon, Cloves, Hinton, Smith, Wood, and Pensam.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds. New T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's ***Hilda***, 7st. 4lb	Flatman	1
Mr. Rogers' br. c. by Picton, out of Eel, 7st 4lb	S. Rogers	2

The following were not placed:—

Mr. Thornhill's St Peray, 8st 9lb	Conelly	
Col Peel's St Vitus, 8st 4lb	Pavis	
Lord Exeter's Elf, 8st 4lb	Darling	
Mr. Pettit's Anne Boleyn, 7st 9lb	R. Pettit	
Duke of Rutland's f. b. Hawker, 7st. 12lb	W. Boyce	
Mr Ford's Hannah, 7st 7lb	F. Edwards	
Duke of Grafton's Olio, 7st	W. Cotton	
Lord Lichfield's H B, 6st 9lb	Doe	
Mr John Edwards' f by Gustavus, out of Peggy, 6st. 7lb	Lad	

Betting: 3 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst. Eel colt, 4 to 1 agst. Olio, 5 to 1 agst. H. B., 6 to 1 agst. St. Peray, 6 to 1 agst. St. Vitus, and 6 to 1 agst. Elf.

After two or three baulks the lot got off well together. Rogers slipped away like an "Eel," with the running as far as the corner of the Plantation, where St. Vitus, Peggy and Hilda, "felt the Pressure from without," and pushed forward for front places. On entering the cords St. Vitus' chance was told out, Hilda sprang a-head, and after a little ineffectual skirmishing between the Eel and Peggy, to bring her to, she passed the chair first by a neck, Eel 2d, and, as far as we were able to judge, Peggy a good third.

Match, 50, h. ft., 8st. 4lb. on each. New T.Y.C.

Lord Suffield's *Marchioness*, sister to Margrave	G. Edwards	1
Col. Peel's Bantam, by Muley, out of Bequest	Pavis	2

We did not hear a bet made about this event. Bantam made all the running till within 50 yards from the winning post, when Marchioness passed with stately indifference, and won easily by about a length. The pace was wretched from end to end.

The *July Stakes*, a subscription of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for 2 yr olds; colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. New T.Y.C.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. ***Bulwark***, by Defence, out of Europa	J. Day	1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Reveller, out of Advance	Conelly	2

The following were not placed:

Mr. C. Wilson's b. f. by Mulatto, out of Yorkshire Lass	Rogers	
Lord Suffield's f. Alms, by Langar, out of Charity	Pavis	
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Macremma, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea	Darling	
Lord Oxford's br. c. by Mulatto, out of Liska	Flatman	
Mr. Bircham's br. f. by Rouncival, dam by Catton—Peggy by Bourbon	E. Edwards	
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Drogheda, sister to Dublin	Wheatley	
Mr. Knight's b. c. by Rowton—Margaret by Wrangler—Helena by Rubens.	G. Edwards	

Betting: 5 to 4 on Bulwark, 2 to 1 on Bulwark and Macremma agst the field, 30 to 20 between Lord Suffield's Alms and Mr. Wilson's filly, 6 to 1 agst. Macremma, 6 to 1 agst. Mr. Knight's b. c. by Rowton, and 8 to 1 agst the Rouncival filly.

For a wonder, the "young uns" came away at the first offer. The Rouncival filly jumped off with the running, closely followed by Rowton colt and Lord Suffield's Alms; the rest in good places. At the end of the first two hundred yards Bulwark rushed to the front at a severe pace, and on arriving at the corner of the Plantation, he was about a length in advance of the Reveller colt, and about the same distance was between the latter and Macremma, hot in pursuit, and several yards a-head of Rowton colt, Alms, and Yorkshire Lass, that had fallen back into the line, and was about equi-distant from the rear rank formed by Mulatto colt, Rouncival filly, and Drogheda. These positions were maintained to the winning post, where the judge in due form pronounced Bulwark first, Reveller colt 2d, and a good 2d too—he is a little fellow, and he ran well. Value of the stakes, £1150. Bulwark is a fine, strong, lengthy, speedy horse, and has good action.

WEDNESDAY, July 11.

Notwithstanding the grand doings amongst the "nobles of the land" in London, there was a very fair muster of visitors on the Heath to-day. The day was beautiful: a serene sky—the sun softly shaded by light fleecy clouds—a breeze gentle, balmy, and refreshing; in sooth, a glorious day for the haymakers:—

"——————— All in a row,
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell!"

The betting to-day, both before and after the race, was principally about the Goodwood Stakes, and Valentissimo, Mahometan, King Cole, and Heron, had friends who were inclined to "go on" at a brisk rate at the prices quoted on Tuesday. For the Doncaster St. Leger, Ion was backed at 4 to 1. Offers were made about Don John at 7 to 1, and Appleton Lad at 17 to 1. At half-past two the sport came off as follows:—

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. Last half mile of Ab. M. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs.

Duke of Rutland's f. by Camel, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow	Robinson	1
Duke of Richmond's Felo-de-se	J. Day	2
Mr. King's Condor	C. Edwards	3

The following were not placed:

Gen. Yates' b. g. Murdock, brother to Ophelia	Pavis	
Lord Suffield's Alan	G. Edwards	
Lord Exeter's f. by Redgauntlet, out of Palais Royal	Darling	
Mr Edwards' ch. c. Royal James	E. Edwards	
Mr. Thornhill's f. by Emilius, out of Benefit's dam	Conelly	

The winner was claimed.

Betting:—4 to 1 agst. Felo-de-se, 4 to 1 agst. Alan, 4 to 1 agst. Condor, and 5 to 1 agst. the Duke of Rutland's filly.

Condor made play to the bushes, closely waited upon by Felo-de-se; the others well up. At this point, Robinson had evidently the race in hand, and on nearing the cords he brought his mare gently forward; Felo-de-se crowded all sail, and went a-head till within a few strides from the chair, when Robinson shot past, and won easily by a length, Felo-de-se 2d, and Condor 3d.

Fifty Pounds, for 3 yr. olds, 6st. 11lb.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. D. I.

Lord Suffield's *Caravan*, 4 yrs	Pavis	1
Mr. Sowerby's St. Luke, 5 yrs	Mann	2
Lord Exeter's Troilus, 4 yrs	Conelly	3
Mr Rayner's Quo Minus, 3 yrs	———	dr
Mr. Pettit's c. by St. Patrick, out of Surprise, 3 yrs	———	dr

Betting: 6 to 5 on Caravan, 3 to 2 agst. Troilus, and 3 to 1 agst. St. Luke.—Caravan came off at his best pace; and the three kept steadily together till within a few yards from the Turn of the Lands, where Troilus dropped astern. St. Luke lay on the whip-hand side, and maintained an excellent contest as far as the Duke's Stand, where he began to tire. On entering the ropes, he was fairly defeated, and Caravan went easily up, and was declared the winner by six lengths.

THURSDAY, July 12.

This being the last day of the meeting, business commenced early. Nothing like making hay while the sun shines, particularly at this time of the year.

Sale of Horses, by Mr. Tattersall.

At ten o'clock the following horses, &c., were put up for sale by Messrs. Tattersall, and sold at the prices affixed.—

	Guineas.
Galloway, by a thorough-bred horse	41
Randan, a grey gelding, 3 yrs., by Emilius, dam by Merlin, grandam by Walnut: a good hack	15
Brown colt, 2 yrs., brother to Sluggard. In the Derby, 1839. Never had a sweat.	21
The dam of Zany, covered by Wiseacre	175
THE PROPERTY OF GENTLEMEN.	
Bay mare, 6 yrs., (own sister to Bulldog), by Lamplighter, with a foal by Cœlebs, not thorough-bred	120
Yearling colt, by Plenipotentiary, out of sister to Cactus	85
Chesnut mare, 5 yrs., by St. Hubert, dam by Woful	60
Bay mare, 3 yrs., by Partisan, out of Miss Chantrey	44
THE PROPERTY OF A NOBLEMAN.	
Brown colt, 2 yrs., by Mulatto, out of Liska	60
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., by Actæon, out of Fiddlestring	60

At one o'clock the signal was given, and the races commenced with

The *Town Plate* of 50*l*., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. Last mile and a distance of B.C.

Mr. R. Pettit's c. by St. Patrick, out of Surprise	Conelly	1
Mr. Newton's Vicuna	Robinson	2
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus	J Day	3
Mr. Beresford's b. f. Despair (late Lady Sophia)	Darling	4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Dædalus, 3 to 2 agst. Surprise colt, and 5 to 1 agst. Vicuna.

Dædalus made the running to the Duke's Stand, Vicuna waiting on one side of him, and Surprise on the other. Despair, with no hope, left behind. At the ropes Vicuna and Surprise singled themselves out, and a fine race was made by the three, Surprise landing first at the post by half a length, Vicuna 2d, Dædalus 3d, and Despair 4th.

Mr. Perrem's donation not having been claimed this year as a marriage portion, it was put into the Plate as a "tit bit" for the winner.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 yr olds, 6st. 11 lb., and 3, 9st. New T.Y.C

Mr. Houldsworth's f. by Filho da Puta, out of Circassian, 2 yrs	W. Cotton.	0	1
Duke of Richmond's Felo-de-se, 2 yrs	W. Day	0	2
Lord Suffield's Marchioness, 2 yrs. (carried 7st.)	Pavis	3	
Lord Exeter's Elf, 3 yrs	Conelly	4	

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Elf, 6 to 4 agst. Felo-de-se, and 4 to 1 agst. Marchioness.—Elf made the running till within a quarter of a mile from home, when Felo-de-se and Circassian filly headed her, took up the running, and carried it on as if by mutual consent, to the winning-post, where the judge pronounced it a dead heat. Elf had a good run with the Marchioness for the 3d place, but it wasn't to be taken.

Second heat.—As fine a race as was ever seen—fillies and jockies admirably matched. They came away head and head till within a few strides from the chair, when, by a beautiful effort, Circassian filly improved her position, and arrived at the chair first by a head.

The *Chesterfield Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 year olds, colts 8st. 5lb., and fillies 8st. 2lb. The last half mile of B. M. The winner of the July Stakes to carry 9lb., and the 2d horse 4lb. extra.

Mr. Ford's f *Minima*, by Rowton, out of Deception	Robinson	1
Duke of Richmond's b. f. Estelle, by Brutandorf, out of Emineh's dam	S. Rogers	
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Macremma, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea	Darling	

The following were not placed:

Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Reveller, out of Advance (4lb. extra)	Conelly	
Mr R Watts' b. f. by Belshazzar, out of Fanchon, sister to Lapdog	C. Edwards	
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Bulwark, by Defence, out of Europa	J. Day	
Lord Suffield's f. Alms, by Langar, out of Charity	Pavis	
Mr Knight's b c. by Rowton—Margaret by Wrangler—Helena by Rubens.	G. Edwards	

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Bulwark, 4 to 1 agst. Estelle, 5 to 1 agst. Minima, 5 to 1 agst. Reveller colt, 8 to 1 agst. Fanchon filly, 8 to 1 agst. Mr. Knight's colt, 3 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's lot, and 5 to 4 on the Duke of Richmond's two.

After a few dodges, a capital start was effected, Estelle and Fanchon filly cutting out the work at a severe pace. Bulwark was beaten at the end of the first 200 yards—he could not live the pace at all—the 9lb. extra completely floored him. At the rise of the hill Fanchon filly swerved from the front, Minima immediately rushed up, followed by Estelle and Macremma close at her heels; but they had no chance with her—the victory was won. Minima maintained her advantage cleverly to the end, where the judge declared her first by a length, Estelle 2d, and Macremma 3d. Value of the stakes, £530.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for all ages (2 yr. olds excepted); to start at the starting post of B.M., and run to the end of New T.Y.C.

Mr. Thornhill's b. g. *St. Peray,* 3 yrs. 8st................ Conelly.... 1
Lord Suffield's Arsenic, 5 yrs. 9st. 1 lb................ G Edwards 2
Mr. Greville's Morella, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb................ Flatman ... 3

The following were not placed :

Col. Peel's St. Vitus, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb................ Pavis...... .
Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb................ S. Rogers. .
Lord Exeter's Elf, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb................ Mann...... .
Duke of Grafton's Chemist, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb................ ——— dr

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Arsenic, 4 to 1 agst. St. Vitus, 2 to 1 agst. Morella, 4 to 1 agst. Cassandra, and 25 to 10 agst. St. Peray.

Arsenic made the running three parts of the distance; at the corner of the Plantation Morella, St. Vitus, and Peray, went to the front, and made a beautiful race of it as far as the ropes, where St. Vitus dropped astern; Arsenic then set sail with all speed after Peray, but the latter got safe to port, and won by a length.

Sunday Times.

LONDON TABLE TALK.

The Catch Club members are in high dudgeon, we hear, at being, in a work recently published in Paris, described as "officers of arrest for debt." The fact is, *Monsieur,* in his ignorance of the distinction, confounded the ignoble *catchers* of Chancery-lane with the noble and distinguished members of the "*catch* club."

In answer to "A Constant Reader," who wishes to know how old Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews are, we beg to state, that we are only interested about our own "*Age,*" and inquire not into that of ladies. We should say that Madame is about forty-six, and Mr. C. Mathews about seven years younger.

London Age.

Lucky Betts.—A Brussels paper states that M. Van de Weyer, Belgian Ambassador at London, is about to be married to the daughter of Mr. Betts, a partner in the house of Baring & Co. The lady, it is said, will have a fortune of £300,000. There will be no *Baring* little Van if this match comes off. If he makes all his *Betts* upon the same safe scale he will die as rich a man as his master. Ib.

Curious Cricketing.—The landlord of the Packet Commercial Inn, Manningtree, Mr. John Starke, has offered to play a game at cricket, himself and dog against any two gentlemen in Essex, for any sum that may be agreed on, and at the shortest notice. The gentlemen cricketers of S X must laugh to X S at this *stark* mad proposition.

Lord Brougham, on Monday, presented a petition for the abolition of Negro Apprenticeship, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which he said was signed by 3,881 *women of the town, at the head of whom was the Lady Mayoress.* We congratulate Newcastle-upon-Tyne on the character of its female inhabitants.

We perceive, among other new inventions, one which must be of the highest value—to wit, a gun which cannot go off by any possibility. This gun that will not go off by any possibility, would be the very thing for Cockney sportsmen. If any ingenious artist could hit upon a plan to prevent the sons of guns from going off, it would be a great protection to the creditors of certain runaway gentlemen among the higher classes of the community.

Satirist.

Lord Fitzalan has fallen so desperately in love with Miss Pitt, one of the Maids of Honor to the Queen, that, to avert the possibility of a stolen match, he has been commanded by his grandam, the Duchess Countess of Sutherland, to go to the continent, where he at present is.

The Queen's Marriage.—The constant attendance of Prince George of Cambridge upon the Queen, when she is engaged in a party of pleasure, has given much uneasiness to a certain clique of confederates at Court. The Queen is one who, though young in years, well knows her powers; and she is also one who will not allow her feelings to be controlled by impertinent interference. Lord Melbourne encourages the intimacy between the Royal cousins, and there is every prospect of seeing the Prince the consort of the Queen. Should this event come off, there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth among the German satellites. Prince George is now in his twentieth year, and it is stated that he will remain at Gibraltar, visit Malta, and others of our possessions, so as to be absent two years, when he will receive her Majesty's hand. The marriages of cousins have not always been felicitous; but we imagine that the Prince, who is particularly generous and good tempered, will make a very comfortable companion for the little lady.

Satirist.

The Broken Stirrup.—When Marshal Soult lately broke his stirrup in Hyde-park, Sir Hussey Vivian sent to the Ordnance saddler, who forwarded the identical stirrup used by Napoleon during the whole of his memorable campaigns.

Though Soult may have stood in the stirrup of Nap,
(And I own I have read of the news,)
Yet neither that chief nor the sabre-nosed chap
Could stand in the Emperor's shoes.

Seventy thousad pounds is the declared official estimate of the expenses increased by the Government for the Coronation.

The Fair Unknown.—The preparations at White's Club on the day of the Coronation were on a scale of splendor equal to the high character and respectability of its members. A large assembly of beauty and fashion attended to witness the Royal procession, and partake of the hospitality so liberally provided on the occasion. Among the belles most distinguished for beauty of person and elegance of manners, was a lady introduced by Mr. Standish, the M. P. She was the "observed of all observers" for her vivacity, grace, and retiring modesty. Who is that lady? asked a dozen voices at once. No one could answer. She was courted by all, and her conversation listened to with interest and attention. Who can she be? again reiterated through the throng: all were silent. Several stratagems were at length resorted to in order to ascertain her name and position in society: they all failed. "Shall you be at the Duchess of Somerset's to-morrow evening?" asked a round-about lady, most anxious to discover who the fair unknown was. "If I can," was the vague reply. "I hope to see you at Lady Salisbury's on Monday?" quoth a figure like a portrait by Vandyke, only not quite so beautiful. "I *hope* so too," replied the stranger. "Of course you will be at the grand ball to be given by the Queen?" questioned an animated piece of waxwork in French stays, and a mask of *rouge.* "O, certainly, if I am in town," rejoined the lady. Thus the conversation progressed till accident brought into the room an individual who *knew* her. She was pointed out—he blushed, and as if to excuse himself from any act of indiscretion, he whispered the secret to one lady, she to another, and in a quarter of an hour the whole room was made acquainted with the fact of her being the illegitimate wife of Mr. Standish. The lady was speedily left to herself—shunned and deserted by those who, but a few minutes before, by acknowledging her superiority, admitted their own inferiority. There was no fainting in the room, but it is said that the round-about lady, as soon as she reached home, went off in hysterics. The Vandyke vision called upon her husband to go instantly and shoot the "fellow" Standish, for introducing the "creature" among married women and their daughters; and she of wax, being a *blue,* threatened to send an account of the whole affair to the *Satirist.* Well, and here it is, with only this addition—that Standish, for the introduction, stands a fair chance of being *riddled* with bullets by the indignant husbands, brothers, and fathers of the fair visitors to White's Club on the day of the Coronation. Satirist.

The Singing Woman.—A serious misunderstanding appears to have taken place between the "singing woman" and her husband, arising, we have reason to believe, out of the facts detailed by us a week or two back, in reference to the *liaisons* of the lady before her union with De Melcy, who was in ignorance till he read the account in the Satirist, of the actual extent of his lady's frailties. De Melcy has proceeded to the Continent, fully intending to separate from his wife—whose virtue was held at so rare a price by him but the other day, that he was induced to risk his life in its defence; but now, alas! how changed! He flies from the object of his recent adoration—if not in disgust, at least with the appearance of it. Mr. Balfe is now the champion of the lady—nothing more, we believe!

Satirist, July 15.

Bannister used to tell a story of having been introduced, with Mrs. Bannister to an elderly lady of exceedingly "high notions," not improbably, from circumstances the prototype of Colman, a Lady Lucretia M'Tab, for she was "plaguy proud and plaguy poor;" and a drop of noble blood in the veins of her visitors, served to wash out every other stain they might have in their characters and escutcheons. After the presentation had taken place, the lady asked a wit of the day who was present,—

"Who *are* the Bannisters? are they of a good family?"

"Yes," said the wit, "very good indeed; they are closly connected with the *Stairs.*"

"Oh," said Lady Lucretia, "a very ancient family of Ayshire—and dates back to 1450. I am delighted to see your friends."

We have had the enjoyment of reading a leading article in a daily paper, the subject of which was Ascot races! What a matter for political reflection! The very learned writer has discovered that King Athelstane was a mighty sportsman, and that it was owing to horse-racing we obtained Magna Charta.

A curious case of distress has been advertised, to which we call the attention of Sir John Sebright, and other amiable individuals who have a regard for the gentler sex. It is from "a young and respectable female, who, by a distraint for rent, has been deprived of her garments." As she informs the benevolent that "she only desires to procure something congenial with her former habits," we feel assured that there are many who would not refuse to cover her. A young and respectable female without clothes must attract sympathy.

There is a German named Heinemeyer, who is announced as "first flute to his Majesty the King of Hanover." This is, of course, a first-rate honor, since his Majesty's taste in music is known to be diabolically good. Nevertheless, although he allows M. Heinemeyer the assumption of "first flute," he tolerates no rival on another instrument—he plays "first fiddle" himself in his own dominions. On the "double *base,*" too, he goes to a depth surpassing any other performer.

N. P. Willis, Esq.—If this gentleman is not sufficiently appreciated in his own country, he may well be proud not only of the flattering manner in which he was received in England, but of the constant and high eulogiums bestowed upon his writings. Scarcely do we take up a foreign publication in which his name does not appear either classed with other American writers or as a writer having a style peculiarly his own. The very fact of his having been selected from the host of American writers by that great English publisher, *Virtue,* to edit the splendid work now in progress on American Scenery, is alone sufficient evidence, we should think, of his high merits. But we wish to refer particularly at this time to the manner which he is spoken of by that distinguished writer, William Howitt in his recent work—"Rural Life in England"—one of the most delightful books of the season, and which we believe, is not yet republished. After referring to the general style of Mr. Willis's writings, he quotes nearly a dozen entire and continued pages from one of his works. If Howitt had merely quoted these pages, that, of itself, ought to be considered the highest encomium which could be bestowed—but no—he concludes his eulogium with the following deserved tribute of praise:—"This is one of the most perfect and graphic descriptions of English aristocratical life in the country, which was ever written."

Boston Morning Post.

Anecdote of Col. Knapp.—He had penned an article for the proprietor of a monthly magazine, whom we will call Mr. P. B. D. It overran, by a half page or more, a "form" of eight pages. Unwilling to extend the number of pages, because of the cost, the sapient proprietor changod a comma into a period, at the end of the closing line of the page, leaving the gist of the article, the very denouement of the story, undeveloped! The author, as may be well supposed, was "a little riled." "Print the article entire, as it was written, Sir, or leave it out altogether!" "My *dear* sir," responded Mr. P. B. D., "what's the use? It *stops* very handsomely; just let it go in!" Reasonable as the request was considered, the author peremptorily declined. The discomfitted proprietor took another tack, interposing what he thought would prove a "clincher," and remove all objections: "Let it stand, Col. Knapp, let it stand. It is very good as it is; and if it isn't, *nobody will ever read it!*—so where's the harm?" The author took the expostulatory compliment home with him, together with the article.

Matrimonial Happiness.—On Monday, T. Powell manfully brought his new married bride before the Magistrates at the Guildhall, and charged her with "absenting herself from home at those times she ought to be at home." The complainant stated his grievances at great length, complaining of his home being deserted and his comforts neglected. The lady was ready to retaliate, but the worthy Mayor and Magistrates stopped her by dismissing the complaint, at the same time stating that for their own sakes they regretted that there was not a law compelling wives to stay at home. Mr. and Mrs. Powell have been eight weeks married; the fifth day of their union was terminated by the lady receiving a sound drubbing, and the husband being locked up in the round-house for the night. The wife took out four warrants against her liege lord for ill usage before the honeymoon was passed, and up to the present charge had been eight times a complainant against him. Mr. P. offered his lady a separate maintenance, but she, "true to her birth-blace, whether loved or spurned," declined the offer, valiantly declaring that she would yet tame, and make a good husband of him.

Hereford Herald.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. Sanders names b. c. Occident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association names f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch. c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f. Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

William Buford, Jr., names the get of Medoc.
M. R. Tarlton " " Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore " " Sparrowhawk.
Y. N. Oliver " " Waxy.

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub. $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders
2. G. N. Sanders
3. S. Burbridge
4. S. Burbridge
5. Mason Thompson
6. Benjamin Luckett
7. M. R. Tarlton
8. F. R. Robinson
9. Jas. L. Brady
10. R. Pindell
11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
12. M. W. Dickey
13. J. K. Duke
14. Robt. Burbridge
15. J. W. Fenwick
16. J. R. Grigsby
17. Thos. G. Moore
18. Wm. Wynn.

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr. | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

PURSES.

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse - - $1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's " - - 700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value - - 500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

Louisville, June 25, 1838. [J'7]

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence on the Third Monday, 17th day of September next, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $1000 a-side, 100lbs on each., Three mile heats, between
John P. White's gr. g *Dandy,* by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.
James Hansbrough's b.h. *Klapper,* by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

Third Day—J. C. Purse $300, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.

Fifth Day—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered in some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.

[J7-t22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor.*

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. FALL RACES.

THE RACES will commence over the *Henry Course,* on the last Tuesday, 30th Oct., and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close by the 1st of October next. Now one subscriber, and several more are daily expected.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages; Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $200, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Oct. next.

Same day—Post Stake for all ages (weight for age); sub. $200, P.P. Two mile heats. Now two subs.

Fifth day—Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft. $100. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.

Wm. H. Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs.

3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500 h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

LANCASTER JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THESE Races will commence on the 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept., and continue four days;—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

First day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, Purse - - $100
Second day—Two mile heats, - - - - - 200
Third day—Three mile heats - - - - - 400
Fourth day—Four mile heats - - - - - 600

By order of the Jockey Club. [Jy28-7t]

CENTRAL COURSE, PALMYRA, MISSOURI.

THE FALL RACES over the Missouri Central Course will commence on the 25th September next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts, untried; sub. $100 each, ft. $25. To close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Third day—Purse $250, ent. $25, Two mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $400, ent. $40, Three mile heats.

In all cases three or more horses to make a race, and the entrance not added to the Purse By order of the Club. THOMAS W. LANE. *President.*

[Jy28] S BUCKNER, *Sec'y pro. tem.*

STALLIONS FOR SALE.

IN CONSEQUENCE of having so large a number of Stallions upon his Stock Farm, as to render it inconvenient to give them proper attention, the subscriber will dispose of four at less than their actual value, viz.:—

JOSHUA, by Gohanna, dam by Eclipse Herod, grandam by Imp. Bedford. He is 7 yrs. old, 15½ hands high—a blood bay without white.

GOLDBOY, by Industry, dam by Ogle's Oscar, (Margaret Armistead's dam). He is 7 yrs. old, 16 hands high.

BROKER, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph, grandam by Hickory, g. g. dam Old Maid of the Oaks. Dark bay, nearly 16 hands.

DANIEL STAR, by Star, dam by Peacemaker. Five yrs. old. Bay, nearly 16 hands.

The four are young, and all fine dark bays without white, except Goldboy, who is marked very like his sire; they are put up strong, and are second to none in action and appearance. I will sell either or all of them on time. They are all in training for the ensuing Fall Races. Their pedigrees are generally well known, but will be given in full if desired. Letters will have prompt attention, if addressed to

[Jy28-2m] T. R. S. BOYCE, Ellicott's Mills, Md.

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Norfolk and Portsmouth Course, Fall meeting of 1838. The time of holding the meeting will be fixed so as not to conflict with the Petersburg, Richmond, or Broad Rock meetings.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Mile heats. Four or more to make a race.

The above stakes will close on the 1st Sept. next. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor, at Portsmouth, Va. [Jy21] E. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

BEACON COURSE.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run over the above course on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next.

Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

The FIRST FALL MEETING will commence on Wednesday, 26th Sept. [Jy14]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.............. $500 } Free for all ages.
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.............. 700 }
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats.............. 1000 }
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5......... 300 }

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

[apl21] F. K. W.

CARROLLTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1838 will commence, over the Carrollton Course, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and continue five days.

First Day—Match. $100 a-side, h. ft., One mile, between Mr. Carracoe's ch. h. *Charley* and Mr. Seymour's *Ellen Ross.*

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with 4 subs.

H. Vaughan names ch. c. Tom Smith, by Lance, dam by Botts' Lafayette.
E. S. Revill names b. f. Oxidento, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.
G. E. Blackburn names Amanda Zureman, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy.
Thos. Moore names b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Camsil.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $30 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Four subs. and closed

H. Vaughan names ch. f. by Lance, dam by Sir Archy.
G. E. Blackburn names gr. f. Arilla, by Lance, dam by Bertrand.
Thos. Moore names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassina.
Stephen T. Drane names bl. f. by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette.

Same Day—J. C. Purse $——, Mile heats. } Free for all ages.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse $——. Two mile heats. }
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. }
Sixth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Three mile heats. }

The amount of the Purses is not yet ascertained, but will be liberal.

[Jy7-9t] HIRAM SENOURS, *Secretary.*

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long. well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman. of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y [m31] J. CONROY.

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.
No. 155
BROAD-WAY NEW-YORK,
COLT'S PATENT.

THE ABOVE COMPANY have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms:—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamots, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec.
" "	Match, $1000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney* Fall meeting.
Batesville, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
Columbus, Ga.	Western Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
Charlestown, Va.	Jefferson County Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
Camden, N. J.	Match, $5[illegible]0 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
Cincinnati, Ohio.	First Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Culpeper C. H., Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Monday, 17th Sept.
" " "	Match, $1000 aside, 3 m heats, *Dandy* vs *Klapper*, Monday, Sept. 17.
Cross Keys, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Fort Smith, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
Fredrick City, Md.	Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Sept.
Greensboro', Ala.	Henry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
Independence, Mo.	Match $500 aside, 2 m h, *Beck* vs *Rufus King*, Thursday, 11th Oct.
" "	Match, $50 aside, M. h., *Capt. Bustard* vs. *Jim Crow*, Friday, Oct. 12.
Jefferson Co., Miss.	Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
Lancaster, Pa.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
Lexington, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, 2 m h., Get of *Bertrand* vs. Get of *Medoc*, 2d Oct.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m heats, *Hawk eye* vs. *Betsey Baker*, 2d Oct.
Louisville, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct.
Lynchburg, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept.
Maysville, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Marion, Mo.	Sweepstakes, (continuing three days), 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Montreal, L. C.	St. Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 8th Aug.
Mount Sterling, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
Nashville, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall meeting last Tuesday, 28th Aug.
New Iberia, La.	Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs. *Brooks* 13th Oct.
New Orleans, La.	Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " "	Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
New York City.	Beacon Course, *Athletic Exercises* 1st Wednesday, 5th Sept.
" " "	" " *Trotting Sweepstakes*, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
" " "	" " First Fall *Trotting* meeting, 4th Wednesday, Sept. 26
Nottoway, Va.	Bellefonte Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Olympian Springs, Ky	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
Opelousas, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 8th Nov.
Palmyra, Mo.	Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Petersburg, Tenn.	Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
Quebec, L. C.	Annual Autumn Meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Sept.
Ridgeville, Md.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Aug.
St. Louis, Mo.	Sulphur Spring Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 1st Oct.
" " "	Old St. Louis Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Sept.
St. Matthews, S. C.	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
Southampton, Va.	Cross Keys Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J.
Tallahassee, Flo.	Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
Washington City	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.	Mount Airy Course Fall meeting 1st Monday, 3d Dec.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

CAMBRIDGE (Mass.) TROTTING PARK COURSE.

Ever since the time of old "*Boston Blue*," who was the first horse in America that publicly trotted a mile inside of three minutes, the citizens of Boston have taken a great interest in fast cattle, and that city now boasts of more good roadsters than any other in the Union, save our own. Until recently they have had no course upon which to train, or inducements, in the shape of public purses, to inspirit them to encounter the expence incident to a training stable; and in consequence their most promising goers have been sent to this city, as the best market in the country, which it is, owing almost entirely to the fact that several thousand dollars are annually distributed by the proprietors of our trotting courses, in purses for "any thing wearing hair." A few spirited individuals in Boston last season established a course a few miles out of town, and we hear a highly respectable Club has been organized, the good effects of which, we make no doubt, will soon be demonstrated by an increase of the number and value of fast horses, and the rapid improvement of those designed for ordinary purposes.

A fine trotting race came off last week, of which we subjoin the result:—

THURSDAY, June 2, 1838.—Purse $100; catch weights. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

Mr. Reed's gr. g. *Napoleon*	Owner.	1	2	1	1
Mr. Edwards' br. g. *Lexington*	Owner.	2	1	2	2
Mr. Brownell's b. g. *Young Buckskin*	Owner.	3	3	3	dr

Time, 2:49—2:46—2:46—2:47.

The Boston Morning Post thus describes the race:—

First Heat—Napoleon had the pole, Young Buckskin next, Lexington outside. They got off beautifully together. Before making the first turn, Napoleon took the lead, Lexington second, Young Buckskin third; Napoleon winning the first heat handsomely, in 2:49.

Second Heat—Napoleon had the pole, Lexington second, Young Buckskin third. They "got off" well together. After making the first turn, the "*struggle*" was between Napoleon and Lexington; they "*quitting*" the company of Young Buckskin without ceremony. For three-quarters of a mile, the struggle was tremendous, first one a neck ahead, and then the other, until just before making the last turn, Napoleon broke and Lexington passed him. Here the excitement was great; "*little Read*" and "*Edwards*" both applied the "*persuaders*" freely. A beautiful trot—Lexington winning the second heat in 2:46.

Third Heat—Lexington had the pole, Napoleon next, and Young Buckskin outside. The start, as before, was good, as each rider appeared to be determined there should be no false starts. Here Lexington and Napoleon went to work like "good 'uns," each endeavoring to take the lead; they went neck and neck until entering the woods, when Lexington broke, and Napoleon made the most of it; before Lexington got to his work, there was a "big gap," which, however, he made up, and passed Napoleon on the south side; but it was n. g. (no go); he could not live at such a "killing pace," and broke again—Napoleon again passing him, and winning the heat in splendid style, in 2:46.

Fourth Heat—Napoleon had the pole, Lexington next, and Young Buckskin withdrawn. The two horses came up to the score like "good uns," and away they went, at a "killing pace;" both horses could have been, for three-quarters of a mile, covered with a blanket, and no one could tell who the heat belonged to, until Lexington went at his *old trick* again, and broke up, (as well he might) Napoleon being too "great a general" for him, and gave him the "go by" winning the heat in 2:47, and proving himself, like the great general whose name he bears, "a hard one to beat."

It is but justice to say, that Young Buckskin proved himself and owner "good 'uns" and bottom to the "hilt;" but not quite foot enough for such nags as Napoleon and Lexington.

Amateur.

LETTER FROM "N." OF ARKANSAS.

Batesville, (Ark.) July 15th, 1838.

My dear P.—We have had an addition to the racing stables, as unexpected as it was pleasing. A part of Col. Thompson's stable, under the charge of William Alexander, has arrived in Batesville, and will remain until after the races here, which will come off on the 11th of September. They consist of *Proof-sheet*—a s. f. by Eclipse, dam by Florizel—she is a mare of some reputation—has been a winner several times—she beat *Charline* 3 mile heats over the old course at St. Louis, and was beaten afterwards over the Sulphur track at the same place by *Crowder*. Col. Thomson exchanged *Margaret Armistead* for her giving $1500 to boot; I would rather have Margaret for a brood mare. *John Belcher*, a bay colt by Imp. Barefoot, out of the dam of Ariadne. He was beaten this Spring at Nashville, but beat Charline at St. Louis best 3 in 5—Charline winning the 1st heat in 1:54. He won a colt race last April twelvemonth, over the Tree Hill Course—he was then called *Grocer*. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, out of a Rattler mare—a sorrel horse raised by "limping Jake Dixon" of betting notoriety—the same horse who won a 1st heat of 4 miles near Baltimore in the Spring of 1836, in 7:57—lost the next heat about 12 inches in 7:58, and run well up for the third in 8:12, being beaten by *Spartacus*, a famed son of Sir Charles. He has run many races, winning some, and often beaten. He was beaten at Nashville—beating *Exotic*, Virginia rules—though beaten by her, New York rules. He regained his laurels at St. Louis. The fourth and last nag here is a big brown filly, raised by Old Hickory, out of a mare by Virginian, and got by Citizen—Citizen was by Stockholder, and if I mistake not belongs to Col. Harvey, of the Dragoons—*The Pony* beat her the 3 mile day at Nashville. I don't fancy her, but the way the *patent democrats* will drop their last dollar on her when they know the *Old Roman* raised her, will be a sin. Col. Thompson will remain long enough to take every day's purse here, and then put out for Fort Smith, where the big betting is to be—I believe Col. Tunstall is going to give them a pretty good fight with Charline and his young *Volcanoes*.

Capt. Dillard has just brought from Nashville two splendid Stockholder fillies—one of them own sister to *Lady Nashville*, (a name indicative of great fame,) and from Old Kentuck a young *Waxy* filly that ain't slow. The w[illegible] the [illegible] will be betting between Thompson's stable and Dillard's will be sinful. Mr. [illegible] has some *good 'uns* that he brought on from Kentucky, but I h[illegible] able to learn their pedigrees.

The Fort Smith races come on the 24th of October. Van Leer had not sold African, Bonny Black, Ethiopa, &c. at last accounts—I expect he will bring them to Arkansas; if I could raise the wind, I would buy *Bonny Black* and send her to *Glencoe*.

I send you a letter from a Postmaster in Alston to an editor there, which explains itself. Amos has not been successful in inculcating into his body-guard the "*immortal principles of Lindley Murray and Noah Webster.*"

Yours, N.

The letter referred to is thus addressed, crossways of the sheet:—

To the Prenting office
at florence Ala
the man that
does prent

Postmaster sir pleese
to sent or let him
nowe this letter
is here for him

free
Lowery ville
14 June

Here is the letter itself, verbatim et literatim et punctuatim, the name of the writer only, being suppressed:—

this the 14 of June 1838

Dear sir I rite to you for the purpose of gitting you to Prent me some of these ticketts for the purpose of Aball I want you to prent them like this or if you think t hare are any thing lackin in hit you put it in I want you to prent them red if you can dew so I want you to prent the Nomber of 35 or 40 and wrap them up Nicely and put them in the male like Aletter and back them to ——— ——— at Lowery ville I want them the next male if Possible and make out your Bill and put it in two and I will send you the money the next male

oblige yours if you please J—— T——

to J—— T——
Hardin County
Lowery ville Postoffice
tennesse

Here is the original copy of "*the ticketts*" wanted:—

Madam I dwo with all Politness I Can to Invite you here on wednsday the 4th of July 1838 for the purpose of Aball to Dance Commence at 4 In evening & end at 8 in the morning.

BLOOD STOCK OF T. R. S. BOYCE, ESQ.

(*Near Ellicott's Mills, 24th July*, 1838.)

Dear Sir,—I enclose you a list of my blood stock, which you will please publish in your useful paper.

No. 1. Sorrel mare by Eclipse Herod, dam by Imp. Bedford, dead.
2. Bay mare by Imp. Eagle, dam by Imp. Buzzard, dead.
3. Bay mare by Tuckahoe, dam by Hickory, g. dam by Imp. Trumpatta.
4. Chesnut mare by Mons. Tonson, dam by Paragon, g. dam by Imp. Archduke, g. g. dam Petworth (Imp.) by Dragon, (imported by Tayloe.)
5. Bay mare by Topgallant, dam by Imp. Gabriel.
6. Bay mare by John Stanley, dam by Sir Archie.
7. Bay filly by Imp. Apparition, dam No. 3.
8. Bay colt, 1 year old this Spring, by Imp. Apparition out of No. 3.
9. Bay colt, 2 years old this Spring, by Imp. Apparition out of No. 6.
10. Brown filly dropped this Spring, by Imp. Apparition out of No. 3.
11. Bay colt dropped this Spring, by Imp. Apparition out of No. 4.
12. Brown colt 2 years old 20th July, 1838, by Maryland Eclipse out of No. 5.

STALLIONS.

No. 13. Imp. *Apparition*, by Spectre, dam by Thunderbolt, dead.
14. *Monsoon*, by Ratler out of No. 2. Sold to Messrs. White & Winn.
15. *Critic*, by American Eagle out of No. 1. Exchanged with C. S. W. Dorsey, Esq.
16. *Joshua*, by Gohanna out of No. 1, 7 yrs. old, 15½ hands high, blood bay without white.
17. *Goldboy*, by Industry, dam by Ogle's Oscar, dam of Margaret Armistead, 7 yrs. old, 16 hands high.
17. *Broker*, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph, g. dam by Hickory, g. g. dam Maid of the Oaks.
19. *Daniel Star*, by Star, dam by Peacemaker, 5 yrs. old, blood bay.
20. *Foreigner*, imported into New York in 1836, was bred by his late Majesty, William IV. He was got by The Colonel out of Cloudesley's dam (a sister to Shoveller, Sailor, Mariner, etc.) by Scud—g. dam Gossander by Hamiltonian, g. g. d. Rally by Trumpator—g. g. g. d. Fancy (sister to Diomed,) by Florizel—Spectator—Blank—Childers—Miss Belvoir. See Skinner's English and American Stud Book, page 635.
21. *Margaret Armistead*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar, bred by Chas. S. W. Dorsey, Esq. I got in exchange for Critic—sold to Col. Heth.

Doings at Court.—The work of intrigue has been carried on briskly at Court during the last two or three weeks. France, however, seems to be the favored country; its hero has been the great lion. But the grand object has been to play off the Duke of Nemours as a suitor for the hand of her Majesty. The family compact would be about complete if the influence of King Leopold should prove successful. Prince George of Cambridge has been evidently thrown into the background by the superior address and liveliness of the young Frenchman; and when it is considered that Louis Philippe has already paid handsomely for secret services, and is willing to be profuse, the Duke has very considerable chance. The speeches, moreover, of Marshal Soult, which contain so much about a close alliance with England, tend greatly to confirm the notion that the real motive for his extraordinary embassy was to create a family alliance.

There is no person after all so insignificant as not to have some friend or other to take an interest in his welfare. We observe that a journeyman tailor has been advertised as missing, and "he is supposed to have gone to some watering-place." We suspect from the habits of journeymen tailors in general, that there is a mistake in the supposition. The party is more likely to be found at a watering house than at a watering place. Houses of the above description abound with characters exactly suited to the taste of the "dungs."

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence on the third Tuesday, 18th Sept., when the following purses will be run for, viz:

First day—Proprietor's Purse $200. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—A Post Sweepstake for 3 year olds, sub. $100, Two mile heats; to close the day previous to the race.

Second day—A Service of Silver Plate, value $400, the winner to receive the Plate or the money at his option. Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; to name and close the day previous to the race.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800. Four mile heats.

Maysville, July 26, 1838. [A11] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

COLUMBUS (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence over the Western Course at this place, on 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; now 3 subs, viz:

Col. G. Edmundson, | Messrs. Hammond & Co. | Iverson & Bonner.

Second day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. - - $350
Third day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats, - - 500
Fourth day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats, - - 800
Fifth day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, - 300

The Fall campaign will commence here, and that all may have a fair start, three additional stables, to those owned here, are on their way to our course to commence training. Our sporting friends of Alabama and South Carolina are therefore invited also to come and measure strength with the Georgians, at the onset, and return the last week in April next to the regular Spring meeting, to test with them the long rub. To avoid inconvenience, those intending to come with stables, would do well to write the Secretary, that suitable accommodations should be in readiness.

[A11-eow6t] S. M. JACKSON, *Secretary*.

The Alabama Journal, Chronicle and Sentinel, Augusta, Journal and Recorder, Milledgeville, will publish the above every other week till the races, and forward their accounts to the Secretary.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following list includes some capital Blood Stock, fashionably bred and uniting many popular crosses. Among them is an own sister to John Bascombe, a magnificent brood mare, of fine size and in high form. She has produced three splendid fillies, any of which would be a valuable acquisition to the breeder or turfite. It is very rare to find such stock in market. They will be sold to close a concern, and are offered on time if well secured. If not sold previously, they will be disposed of to the highest bidder at the Fall Races of 1838, at Huntsville, Ala.

BROOD MARE.

No. 1. *Lady Huntsville* gr. m., (own sister to John Bascombe), bred by John Connally in 1831, got by Bertrand out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, grandam Sally Sneed by Imp. Buzzard, g. g. dam Jane Hunt by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. g. dam Old Slamerkin, owned by David Hunt, of New Jersey

TWO-YEAR OLDS.

No. 2. Chesnut filly bred by John Blevins in 1836; got by Wild Bill out of Lady Huntsville

No. 3. Bay colt, (own brother to Linwood), got by Wild Bill, out of Feliciana by Old Pa[illegible] by Imp. Diomed.

No. 4. Chesnut colt, got by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl (own sister to Little Red) by [illegible]

No. [illegible] filly, got by Wild Bill, out of Pop by Crusher.

[illegible] filly, got by Wild Bill, out of B[illegible] by Archie.

YEARLING FILLIES.

[illegible] filly by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.

[illegible] by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand, &c

[illegible] filly, foal of 1838; got by Imp. Glencoe, out of Lady Huntsville.

[illegible] Lady Huntsville is now in foal to Imp. Consol.

Huntsville, Ala. July 24, 1838 [A11-4t] JOHN BLEVINS.
JOHN KINKLE.

RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, consisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Miracle, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
The four named above are now in training on Long Island.
African, bl. h., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.
Bonny Black, bl. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler.
Ethiopia, bl. f., 4 yrs., by Dashall, out of Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition.
The three above are now in training by Mr. Isaac Van Leer, at St. Louis, Missouri.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Despair, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
Florence, ch. f., 1 yr., by Henry, out of Floranthe, own sister to Goliah and Dosoris.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Kemp.

BROOD MARES.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Cora, ch. m., 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.
Clara Howard, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838.—[A4-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes are offered to come off over the above course the first part of October next.

1. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats in harness. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

6. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub. $200, h. ft., and $100 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

All the above stakes will close on Monday, the 10th of Sept.

Entries to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No. 31 Park Row, on or before the 10th Sept. next, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

Centreville, L. I., Aug. 3, 1838.—[A4] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are now open to come off over the *Mulberry Course*, Fredericksburg, Va., during the ensuing Fall meeting:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; sub. $200, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race; sub. $150, ft. $100. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

The above Stakes will be well filled. Gentlemen wishing to make entries, will direct to Mr. Turner H. Ramsey, Fredericksburg, Va. [A4] THE PROPRIETOR.

NATIONAL J. C. FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races of 1838, over the Washington City Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d Oct. next.

SWEEPSTAKES.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $500, ft. $200. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now 3 subs.

Capt. John Heth.
Mr. Gettings names b. g. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson
E. J. Wilson.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now one sub.

E. J. Wilson.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies owned or bred in Maryland *or District of Columbia*; sub. $75, ft. $25. One mile. To name and close 1st Sept. next. *Four or more* to make a race.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va. Any subscriber naming to the above stakes has a right to change his entry on the day of closing each stake.

☞ Of the PURSES, &c., due notice will be given.

[Jy21] E. J. WILSON, Proprietor, Portsmouth, Va.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE First Meeting of the Cincinnati Jockey Club will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $250 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

Same day—The *Ohio Breeders' Plate*, a Splendid Silver Pitcher, value $100, ent. free, for any thing bred in Ohio.

Second day—Proprietor's Plate value $500. Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $750, ent. $75; if three or more start the 2d best to be entitled to $150; if not three, the winner to get $600. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, the 2d best, if 3 or more start, to be entitled to $200; if not 3 the winner to get $1000. Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Cincinnati, July 7, 1838.—[Jy21-4t] GEO. M. LONG, GEO. N. SANDERS, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July 1838. Now 3 subs.

Also,—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, P. P.

And a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, same time. One mile. Sub. $100, h. ft. Now two subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $[illegible]00, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs. and promises well.

Same time—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $150. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1838, out of mares that never produced a winner, to be run 4th day of Spring meeting, 1841. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To close 1st Sept. 1838. Now several subs.

A Post Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Three mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

BY the solicitation of a number of Gentlemen, the Proprietors are induced to offer the following Sweepstakes, to come off the first part of September, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J.

1st. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that eever trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

☞ Entrance to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No. 31 Park Row, on or before the 1st of August, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

For each Sweepstake the track must be in good order, or postponed until it is. The Judges must decide.

A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y*.

New York, June 30, 1838. [J30-tf.]

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 8th Oct., and continue six days.

First day—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25 each) added. Mile heats. No distance.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20; Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
} Free for any horse, mare or gelding in the U. S.

Owners of horses may rest assured that the Course will be in the best order possible, and that every accommodation in the way of stabling will be in readiness for their reception. [Jy14] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor*.

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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